

PLUCK AND LUCK

COMPLETE STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

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Price 7 Cents

SHARPSHOOTER SAM THE YANKEE BOY SPY; OR, WINNING HIS SHOULDER STRAPS.

By GEN'L JAS A GORDON.

AND OTHER
STORIES



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Sharpshooter Sam, the Yankee Boy Spy

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By GEN'L JAS. A. GORDON.

CHAPTER I.—On the Skirmish Line.

Crack! Ping! The hiss of the bullet quickly followed the sharp report, and a voice exclaimed: "By Jupiter! that was a close call for me, Archie Gates!"

"I should say so, Colonel Lemoine. If I were you I would seek a less exposed position. This tree shelters me quite well."

The two men lay side by side on the top of a little eminence. But Archie Gates was protected by a stump of a fallen tree, while Col. Lemoine was in the open ground. The latter put his finger through a hole, made slick and clean through the rim of his hat by the rebel bullet. It was certainly a close call. Half a mile distant they could see the en barbette guns of Fort Donelson. In the foreground was a densely wooded district.

Archie Gates was a tall, finely-formed young man of nineteen, with handsome, open face. His companion, Colonel Lemoine, of Birge's famous sharpshooter corps, was a man about thirty years of age, and of fine personal appearance. In their rear the Union army was advancing from the victories of Columbus and Fort Henry to storm Donelson. Gen. Grant was rapidly carving for himself that great name, which was to make of him one of the wonderful men of the times. The two sharpshooters were well up in the skirmish line, and their position had been "found" by the rebel riflemen.

"By Jove! they have some really good marksmen over there," ejaculated Archie, as he lowered his head just in time to evade a bullet. He had seen the puff of smoke and was just in time.

Instantly he threw the barrel of his own rifle across the log, took a sight through the telescope, and pulled the trigger. He had seen a small black speck just to the right of one of the heavy guns. It was a man's head, and he saw a tall form rise up in the air with thrown-up arms and fall over the parapet.

"That poor sinner is done for," he muttered. "Take a squint at something, Colonel."

But the colonel was already drawing a sight. The next moment his rifle spoke, and another rebel tumbled back in plain sight. The skirmish fire was waxing hot and there was a likelihood that the rebels would attempt to disperse the Yankee sharpshooters with a few shells. In a few moments the shrieking monsters of destruction were hurled into the air to fall upon the

eminence with deadly effect. But Archie and the colonel remained coolly at their post until they saw four of the skirmishers torn to pieces, and a hole was blown into the side of the hill not twenty feet distant, all of four feet deep, when Lemoine readjusted his telescope sight, and cried:

"Well, Archie, I reckon it's getting too hot for us. Ah, look out!"

Over the eminence came another shell. It killed two more of the brave boys in blue. This was enough for the colonel, and he gave the order, which was carried along the line, to fall back to a safer distance. This was done, and they were soon ensconced behind a belt of timber near the right of the Union line. An Indiana regiment was seen not one hundred yards away. It chanced that Archie and Col. Lemoine were once more together. The clatter of horses' hoofs was heard in their rear and, turning, both saw a cavalcade of horsemen coming toward them. At first there was a swift fear that the rebel cavalry were making a flank charge to cut them off. But Archie's face suddenly brightened, and he cried:

"It is General Grant and his staff!"

Instantly Col. Lemoine was upon his feet and saluted, as the man who was destined to win such great fame in the Union cause reined his horse up before him.

"Colonel Lemoine?" asked the great general tersely.

"Ay, sir!" replied the colonel, saluting again. "At your service, general."

"You have not held your ground for the last hour, I see."

"No, sir," replied Lemoine. "The rebs sent so many shells among us that I was obliged to draw the line in a little."

"Yes, the fire is a little hot over there," said the general coolly, scrutinizing the height they had just left. "Well, hang on where you are, colonel."

"I will do that, sir."

"I feel assured that you will. But my errand here is to know if you have in your company now a young man with a marvelous aim, known as Sharpshooter Sam?"

"Sam Benton!" cried the colonel, with alacrity. "Ay, sir; he is over yonder now, the only man left on the hill. When the other boys fell back, Sam vowed he'd stay there. It may cost him his life."

The non-committal general's eyes flashed, and he turned abruptly and said to one of his aides:

"Ride up there and tell that brave fellow that I want to see him."

The orderly hesitated. But the general's keen gaze was fixed upon him so penetratingly that he dared the storm of shell to obey the order. Sam Benton instantly turned, and coolly walked down the slope to the spot where the others were. It was at a fearful risk that he did this. He saluted the general and his staff, and stood revealed as a tall, handsome youth of twenty years. His complexion was light, with features of an honest stamp. Sam Benton was the best sharpshooter in Birge's command. His unerring marksmanship had won for him the sobriquet of Sharpshooter Sam. As he stood now before General Grant and his staff he was cool, and saluted gracefully. The great general's eyes were fixed upon him admiringly.

"Sam Benton, I have some work for you," he said briefly. "Come to my tent in thirty minutes."

"Very well, sir," responded the young sharpshooter, with a bow. "I will be on hand."

Then General Grant saluted Colonel Lemoine, gave his horse the spur, and with his staff rode away. The thirty minutes passed quickly. Sam Benton left his position and, unharmed, made his way to General Grant's tent. That officer was busy with a notebook.

"Sam," he said quietly, as the young spy entered, "I have some sharp work here for you. If you carry it out successfully, you shall win shoulder-straps for it. Do you hear?"

"Ay, sir," replied Sam readily. "I will do my best, sir."

"You must in some way get through the Confederate lines, find your way as near Fort Donelson as possible, bring me back a good, clear map and all the information that you can. Do you understand?"

"I do, sir."

"Very well. If you will execute this faithfully victory is ours, and victory means shoulder-straps for you."

"General Grant," said the young sharpshooter impressively, "I will succeed in this enterprise or die."

With this he saluted his general deferentially and walked out of the tent. Sharpshooter Sam was not the one to procrastinate. He knew that he had an important mission to perform, and he went at once to work. In the tent occupied by himself and several comrades, from a heavy knapsack he extracted several articles of clothing, which would seem to make up the attire of a civilian. He discarded his uniform and donned these. Then he sallied forth. Soon he was beyond the Union lines and in the heart of a thick scrub growth of live oak. In places this was very dense and difficult to penetrate. But he gradually worked his way along through this until he came to a rail fence. Beyond this was a cotton field, and in the distance he saw the whitened walls of a long, low-roofed rambling house, built after the prevalent Southern style, with broad piazzas. Between the cotton field and the house was a fringe of trees and in the edge of these Sam saw the gray uniform of the Confederate pickets. He was intently studying the scene when

suddenly he heard footsteps behind him. He turned to be confronted by an officer and file of men in gray.

CHAPTER II.—Sentenced to Death.

Sam Benton was a youth of ready wit, or he would surely have betrayed himself then and there. As it was, he gave a slight start, but quickly doffed his hat, and with the accent and manner of a true Southerner, exclaimed:

"Howdy, colonel? Didn't hear ye coming, but I'm durned glad to see ye. Feelin' right smart, are ye?"

"Who be ye?"

"I'm Bill Hackett."

"What are ye doin' here?"

"Jest taking a look around."

"Well, I'm durned if I believe ye. It's my 'pinyun ye're a tarnation Yankee spy, an' I'm goin' to take ye up to headquarters. Fall into the line."

"What is the trouble here?" sung out a commanding voice.

The enraged corporal turned and shrunk within himself in an abject way before a tall, commanding figure mounted on a white horse. He was obliged to salute his superior.

"General Floyd!" he gasped. "I am awaiting your orders, sir."

"Exactly," replied the rebel general, with satire. "Release that gentleman. You have no right to maltreat a civilian."

"But——"

"What?"

"He is a Union spy!" cried the corporal forcibly. "I am sure of it, general."

"A Union spy?" exclaimed Gen. Floyd, with a great start, and bending a keen gaze upon Sam. "Are you sure of that, Rodman?"

"Wait a bit!" exclaimed Sam, with admirable sangfroid. "I reckon ye're a fair man, General Floyd."

"I mean to be."

"Then ye won't see me, an honest and right loyal citizen of the Confederacy, taken out an' shot for a spy, when there's no proof agin me?"

"You shall have a fair show," declared Gen. Floyd, shortly. "Take him into camp, Rodman."

The corporal shot a malicious glance at Sam. The latter could see that his spirit was that of revenge for the blow which he had received. At that moment there was a sudden burst of musketry from a point near the right of the Confederate lines, and the rebel general galloped away to the scene of action. Corporal Rodman gave the order to advance, and Sam was marched across the cotton field and up to the front door of the planter's mansion which was now the headquarters of Gen. Floyd. A half dozen officers were grouped about the porch and cast careless glances at Sam.

Up the steps Sam was led. On the broad piazza in a pretty wicker chair sat a young girl. She started up, and as she glanced inquiringly, almost sympathetically, at him, Sam experienced a wonderful thrill.

"What is it, Corporal Rodman?" asked the

beautiful vision in a low, sweet voice, tinged with pain. "Is he really a Yankee spy?"

"That's what he is, Miss May," replied the corporal, respectfully doffing his hat.

"War is a cruel, wicked thing," cried the young girl, in emphatic and distressed tones. "Oh, I hope you will give him a fair trial, corporal."

The corporal muttered something under his breath, and Sam was led into the house and thrust into a square room. A guard was at the door and another under the window. He was left to his own reflections, which were many and varied. But it was not his first experience of the kind. Sam knew that his life depended upon the promptest and shrewdest of action when he should be brought before the court-martial. He felt confident of his ability to prove his innocence if given an impartial trial.

Sam caught his guard's eye, and, beckening to him, asked him if he knew who the young lady was at headquarters. The guard gave a low whistle and gazed keenly at Sam.

"Air ye struck, friend?" he asked, with a droll wink. "Well, she are the daughter of the man what owns this plantation, Kunnel Jules Severance. Ther Confed'r'cy hain't got a bigger pillar nor Kunnel Severance. Nigh all the young officers on Floyd's staff are crazy over pooty May Severance, but she'll never have one on 'em you bet."

Sam drew a deep breath.

"A pretty young rebel," he reflected, with a queer thrill. "If she knew the truth, that I was really a Yankee spy, she probably would sign my death warrant as readily as the commander himself. I've seen enough of these Southern ladies to understand their Spartan natures well."

And with this he ended the conversation in a few words, and dismissed the subject from his mind. His position was extremely irksome, and was growing monotonous to his impetuous spirit, when suddenly two soldiers entered the room.

"We've come fer the Yankee spy," said one of them gruffly.

Sam arose and said:

"Then ye don't mean me. I reckon I kin soon prove it."

"It's proved agin ye already," declared one of the guard. "We've orders to take ye to the dead line."

Between the two soldiers he was led out of the house and across the piazza. Lovely May Severance was not there this time. Sam's heart fell. Down the steps and across the yard he was conducted. A grave had been dug at the far end of the garden. Upon the verge of this he now stood with arms tied behind him. A file of twenty soldiers were but twenty paces off. At their right stood a non-commissioned officer, sword in hand. The officer raised his sword.

"Attention! Ready! Aim!" the order came from his lips.

CHAPTER III.—Saved.

But the word to fire was never given. A sudden sharp, commanding voice rang out upon the air:

"Hold, ground arms, every man of you."

A white horse sprang into the space between the condemned spy and the line of soldiers. Upon his back sat the rebel general, Floyd. His flashing eyes swept the scene with anger in their depths. The transformation was wonderful. Every man dropped his musket to "ground arms," in compliance with the trumpet-toned order, and the officer of the guard was so terrified that he trembled like an aspen leaf as he stood bare-headed before his general. Gen. Floyd bent a scathing glance upon him, and then thundered:

"By whose order was this thing done?"

The officer came forward obsequiously with the death warrant in his hand. He tendered it to the Confederate general.

"If you please, general," he said, respectfully, "the order is signed by you."

"Signed by me?" exclaimed Floyd, in amazement. Then he glanced at the signature and recognized the forgery. He turned in his saddle and his face was livid.

"Cut the prisoner's bonds!" he ordered, tersely. "Give him a pass beyond our lines. Next, send Corporal Rodman to me."

Sam's bonds were instantly cut and he was a free man. Fortune had sided with him. More than this, he was accorded the gratification of seeing his foe, Rodman, disgraced. The corporal came like a whipped cur to Floyd's side. He did not attempt any prevarication. He bowed his head meekly while the rebel commander denounced his duplicity and gave the following command:

"You are reduced to the ranks and sentenced to pass two weeks in the guard-house. Guards, take the prisoner away."

But as Rodman was led away he passed quite near Sam, and managed to hiss savagely:

"I'll come square with you yet, Bill Hackett. I'll have your heart for this!"

Sam could afford to smile contemptuously, which only increased the villain's malevolence. Resolved to play his part thoroughly, the young spy boldly marched up to Gen. Floyd and thanked him. Then, with the coolest of assurance, he produced his cleverly manufactured papers showing his identity as Bill Hackett.

The general scrutinized them and told Sam to go about his business.

Sam was crossing the parade ground before the mansion when a tall, dark, handsome young officer, flashily dressed, came up to him. There was an angry light in his eyes, and he said in an acrimonious way:

"Are you Bill Hackett?"

"I reckon I am, sir," replied Sam, coolly. "What of it?"

"Oh, you're the young puppy who caused Jim Rodman to lose his rank as corporal, are you?"

"I should say that I am," replied Sam, stung by the other's insulting manner. "But what's that to you?"

"I'll tell you," replied the other, pompously. "I am Lieut. August De Lisle, and it was I who secured Rodman's appointment as corporal."

"You don't say! What is that to me?"

"It will mean a good deal to you before I am done with you," declared the Confederate lieutenant.

ant, angrily. "When you do my friend an injury, you insult me."

"I am ready to yield you satisfaction, sir, at any time. You and your friend Rodman are misguided individuals and should be shook up in a bag together. This is my answer."

"Insults!" hissed De Lisle, as he whipped his sword from its sheath. "I can stand them no longer."

With the flat of the blade he dealt Sam a stinging blow across the arm. It was the precipitation of a climax. Swift as the lightning's flash the young spy wrenched the blade from his grasp and flung it away. Then with an adroit cuff of his strong right hand he sent the pompous De Lisle reeling several yards away. With a murderous yell the infuriated officer drew a pistol and fired. The bullet cut Sam's ear, drawing the blood. But before either could make another move there was a thrilling scream quivering upon the air, and a slender, fairylike form sprang between them. Both recoiled, and instinctively Sam removed his hat as May Severance, pale and terrified, with clasped hands, cried:

"Oh, Cousin August, you must not fight. Put up your pistol. I pray you do not fight."

"That is right, August. Put up your pistol. It is you who owe the apology."

A stern voice uttered the last words, and a tall patrician gentleman, wearing the planter's broad-brimmed hat, beneath which silver locks of hair fell down, stood before De Lisle. It was Mr. Jules Severance, owner of the plantation, May's father, and a type of the genuine Southern aristocrat. Several staff officers had now reached the spot. How the controversy might have ended it is difficult to say, but at that moment an incident of thrilling sort occurred. There was a fearful hissing sound, and a tremendous bomb fell in the midst of the group. There it lay with the hissing fuse nigh its end. The effect was tremendous.

CHAPTER IV.—A Southern Host.

For one brief fraction of a second Sam was unable to act. He saw the fuse just within an inch of the orifice in the bomb. He must have acted quickly, yet it seemed to him with great deliberation, as he bent down and pressed thumb and finger over the ignited, sputtering end of the fuse. A quick, sharp pull and out of the bomb it came. It was now impossible for the mighty destroyer to explode, and Sam stood holding the fuse in his hand, with face corpse-like in its hue, but rigid as marble. He had saved May Severance. It was the deed of a hero. A file of soldiers fifty yards away had witnessed the act, and a spontaneous cheer burst from their lips. A faintness came over the planter's daughter, and she sank into Sam's arms. The next moment Col. Jules Severance, the planter, was by Sam's side and his manner was that of fearful excitement.

"You have saved my little May!" he cried, wildly. "I am in your debt forever. You are a hero. I'll never forget you. God bless you."

Sam was now about to go on his way.

"You won't think of going yet, Mr. Hackett," cried the planter, cheerily. "The battle is almost

on, and you will want to wait and see us whip the Yanks. This is the best and safest place."

"You are very kind, sir," replied Sam, in a quandary as to how to extricate himself from his predicament, "but I think I will not trouble you further."

"No trouble, but a positive pleasure," cried Jules Severance, eagerly. "You must not refuse. I will not hear of it."

A pleading glance from the eyes of May Severance caused Sam to yield for the moment. He was shown to a room, richly furnished, and upon the east corner of the house. At the door the planter bowed and said:

"We shall expect you at dinner. I will leave you to yourself."

Sam's first move after the door was closed and he was alone, was to go to the window and gaze out over the country. The elevation was high, and a slightly view of the country about was afforded him. Indeed, from this window almost a bird's-eye view of Donelson could be had. An exclamation of satisfaction escaped Sam's lips.

"Nothing could work better," he muttered. "I could not have a better chance. But how will I get away from here?"

He was occupied with his thoughts for a moment, then as a sudden idea came to him, he rejoined:

"Capital! I will do it!"

But his first work was to seat himself in the window with paper and pencil. From his position he easily and skillfully made quite a correct and comprehensive map of the rebel fortifications. When it was done he hastily looked it over.

"This will be worth much to Gen. Grant," he muttered. "But he should have this before noon to-morrow, and the question is how am I to get them to him?"

He next jotted down all the information he had derived from the officers. He felt that his work had not been in vain. Suddenly he glanced out of the window. Just below in the verge of a thicket he saw two uniformed men. One was Corporal Rodman and the other was Lieut. De Lisle. They were holding a conference. Sam could not help a smile.

"I'll wager they are discussing me," he muttered.

The afternoon passed. But as evening came on Sam realized the necessity of action. Accordingly, near the hour of dusk, he addressed his kind host.

"I will ask your indulgence, I reckon, Mr. Severance," he said politely. "But I have an appointment at one of the outposts. A friend wishes to see me, you know. I will return to-morrow."

"We shall consent to your departure only with the promise that you return," declared the hospitable planter.

Sam gazed at May, who blushed vividly, and said:

"I will give you my promise."

This settled the matter. Kindly bidding adieu to his host, Sam left the house. He strolled carelessly down to the first picket guard and passed him without being challenged. Once in the copse and beyond the view of those at the house, Sam set out with all speed on his return to the Union

lines. With very little trouble he found his former path and followed it. Sam continued on his way unmolested until he had passed the rebel lines and soon came to the Union pickets, who passed him and then he went at once to headquarters, and was shown in to General Grant.

Gen. Grant sprang up.

"It is you, Sam Benton!" he cried. "You have returned, eh? And you have important news? Good! I knew you would succeed. Well, let's have them."

Sam placed his papers upon the table. The general inspected them critically.

"This is a correct drawing?" he asked.

"It is," replied Sam.

"You have gained me some very important information, my boy. You have done well, and I will see that you have promotion and reward. These papers will give me the knowledge which will enable me to carry Donelson."

Sam listened to this declaration with a deep thrill of gratification. The general touched a little bell which called an orderly into the tent.

"Please to notify all the officers of my staff of a consultation in this tent at once," he said, in a commanding tone. Then he turned to Sam again. "I want you to visit me about dusk to-night. I have some more work for you to do. To-morrow, you know, the decisive battle of Donelson is likely to be fought."

"I will be on hand," was Sam's reply.

When he got to his quarters it was to learn that his close friend Archie Gates had been captured by the rebels. Sam determined to do all in his power to rescue him. At dusk he was once more in Gen. Grant's tent. The commander-in-chief outlined some important duties for him, which would take him within the Confederate lines. With full instructions Sam once more set out on his duties as a spy.

He had no trouble in finding his way to the Confederate picket line. He was better informed of the lay of the land this time, but despite this fact, he was destined to encounter some thrilling experiences before he should accomplish his mission, which was the most dangerous one by far that he had yet essayed.

CHAPTER V.—In the Enemy's Camp.

Archie Gates had been captured while doing heroic work with a battery which had been completely surrounded by rebels before surrendering. When Archie had been made a prisoner, all his papers and personal effects had been taken. There were several letters, and although Archie remembered it not at the time, among them was one from Sam Benton, written some weeks previous, when they were separated a distance of twenty miles or more. This letter had been read at rebel headquarters, and as soon as it was learned that the prisoner was a comrade of Sam Benton, the daring young Yankee spy, word was at once dispatched to have him brought at once to General Floyd's headquarters. An orderly suddenly dashed in front of the file of soldiers.

"Halt!" he cried.

The guard instantly came to a halt. The sergeant saluted and said:

"What is wrong?"

"Have you a young fellow there who goes by the name of Archie Gates?"

"I will see."

The sergeant looked at his roll call attentively, and then made sudden reply:

"Ay, he is here!"

"He is wanted at headquarters by order of Gen. Floyd."

Archie heard this with wonderment. What did it mean?

"Archie Gates, step forth," was the sergeant's peremptory order.

Archie hesitated only a moment. Then he stepped from the ranks.

"Here is the man, orderly," replied the sergeant. "I give him up to you."

"All right, sergeant."

The orderly dismounted. He did not call for special escort, for that would have entailed delay. He covered Archie with his revolver, and said:

"March on, Yank. It ain't far."

He was a pleasant featured fellow, and Archie ventured to address him.

"What do they want me for, friend?" he asked.

"You'll find out when you get there," replied the orderly. Then he added: "I really don't know what they want you for. My orders are to take you there."

"Thank you," replied Archie.

In course of time they came out into a broad field, and now a view of the Severance plantation was had. About the old mansion, as usual, a number of officers were gathered.

Archie soon perceived that this was the headquarters of Gen. Floyd. As they approached they attracted general attention, and as he took in the surroundings with a critical gaze, Archie beheld a sight, which gave him a queer thrill. Upon the broad piazza was a young girl seated in a rocking-chair. She seemed to be busy with some fancy work which was in her lap, but as Archie came up with the orderly she raised her head and their eyes met. In all his life Archie thought he had never seen so lovely a being before. He gazed at her eagerly and intensely—indeed, it would seem almost rudely. Yet May Severance, for she it was, did not seem to take offense, though her face flushed in a vivid manner, and she averted his gaze. Archie mentally chided himself the next moment for his rudeness, but he could not help an inward conclusion:

"She is the most beautiful being I ever saw. Who can she be?"

From that moment Sam Benton had a dangerous rival. May's thoughts were akin to Archie's.

The orderly had saluted Gen. Floyd, and said: "This is the Yankee soldier, sir, who had the spy's letter in his possession."

Gen. Floyd gave Archie a critical and approving glance.

"Well, sir," he said, in a not unkind voice, "you are as handsome a Yank as I ever saw. If you are as good as you look you are certainly par excellence. What is your name?"

Archie saluted with dignity.

"My name is Archie Gates, sir, and I belong

to Col. Lemoine's division of Birge's sharpshooters."

"Ah, that is a frank statement," declared the rebel officer. "I like that. I feel sure that you will answer truthfully all questions which I may put to you."

"I will not speak at all if I do not speak the truth," replied Archie firmly.

"Well then, tell me, do you know a Union spy called Sharpshooter Sam, or Sam Benton?"

Quick as a flash Archie bethought himself that he might be endangering Sam in some future expedition in his capacity of spy. He hesitated a moment, undecided what to do, but quickly replied:

"Yes, sir, I know Sam Benton well. He is a member of our corps."

"Ah! He is a remarkable shot?"

"Yes."

"And is in Gen. Grant's confidence?"

"Indeed!" exclaimed Archie, with a blank look. "How can that be?"

"He is a clever spy as well as a sharpshooter—don't deny that."

"I cannot testify to his abilities in any other direction than that of sharpshooting," replied the brave boy.

"That is a lie!" declared a savage voice.

A tall, dark, young officer stepped forth from the group. It was Lieut. De Lisle. He glared at Archie savagely, but was not successful in his attempt to terrify the young Unionist. Then he saluted Gen. Floyd.

"Sir, I can testify that this fellow, Archie Gates, knows well that Sam Benton is identical with the spy who outwitted us under the name of Bill Hackett. I have been accorded information which proves conclusively that both Corporal Rodman and myself were right in locating Bill Hackett as a spy. I will go further and declare that this fellow, Archie Gates, is also a spy and ought to be shot."

CHAPTgR VI.—A Fair Champion.

There was unmistakable malice in Lieut. Lisle's declaration and even Gen. Floyd himself saw it. But his face clouded and he smote his gloved hands together.

"If your evidence that this young man is an accomplice of Benton is good, then he shall be shot to-morrow," declared the confederate commander.

"My evidence I am ready to submit," declared De Lisle.

"Pray do so."

"One word, if you please," put in Archie very calmly. "I am not defending my case nor asking mercy, but I wish to refute the declaration of this man, who I dare say calls himself a gentleman."

De Lisle's face flushed hotly, and his right hand went to his sword hilt.

"Take care!" he hissed. "I am a Southern officer, and I will not brook an insult."

"If I were at liberty," replied Archie, coolly, "I would test your notions of honor quite seriously."

"By Heaven, prisoner though you are, you shall not address me in such a manner. I demand an apology."

"Which you will never get."

De Lisle whipped his sword from its sheath. It was certain that he would have struck Archie but for the restraint of the other officers.

"De Lisle, stand back!" commanded Gen. Floyd, "Learn to curb your temper in the presence of your superior."

De Lisle cowered back, all the while, however, shooting vengeful glances at Archie.

"Now, prisoner," continued the rebel general, "how will you refute the charges made by our lieutenant?"

"I will not deny that Sam Benton is my friend," declared Archie, truthfully, "but as for the assertion that I am a spy, it is a falsehood of the basest sort."

"It matters but little whether you are a spy or not," said Gen. Floyd. "I consider you a dangerous character, and I now give the order that you be shot at twenty paces to-morrow at the hour of noon."

Turning in a dignified manner, the rebel general walked away. De Lisle, left now in command, turned a leering gaze upon Archie.

"Ah, my fine popinjay!" he cried, gleefully, "you shall learn the folly of attempting to defeat me. Your little game is at an end. Now I mean to repay you for the insult you gave me. Take that!"

With his heavy riding glove the irate lieutenant struck Archie a resounding blow in the face. For a moment it seemed to Archie as if he must break his bonds and retaliate. But this would have been folly.

"Coward!" he contented himself with saying. "You would not dare to strike me if we both were upon even ground. That was a cowardly blow."

May Severance had seen and heard all.

"For shame! Are you a man, August De Lisle, that you would strike one who is helpless?"

De Lisle made a savage exclamation. Before he could say more, May ran up the steps into the house. The other staff officers smiled, but said nothing. DeLisle was livid with rage. Archie was being led away by the guard. For a moment the lieutenant hesitated. Then he turned and stalked up the steps after May. She had passed into the drawing-room and closed the door after her. He burst in the door and confronted her.

She turned with flashing eyes and a ring of contempt in her voice.

"How dare you follow me here?"

"I can dare anything!" gritted the jealous man. "Before we leave this room I mean to know the reason why you reject my advances of friendship and treat me with such contempt and scorn. You shall tell me."

CHAPTER VII.—A Thrilling Rescue.

De Lisle's tone was authoritative, and May Severance's high Southern temperament would not brook such. His fate was settled in that moment forever. For a moment the planter's

daughter stood like a statue, gazing at him with such penetrating force that he flinched. His hot gaze wavered and fell.

"Can you ask me that question, August De Lisle?" she said, with cutting emphasis. "Do you know why I loathe you, cousin of mine though you are?"

"If I knew I would not ask you to tell me," he retorted.

"Perhaps I had better allow you to remain in ignorance, then," she said.

De Lisle's face was black.

"I think I can guess the reason why," he hissed, savagely. "You are a traitor to me and to the South. You have twice in my presence shown your preference for a Northern spy. There is nothing loyal in your nature."

"You are insulting."

"I speak the truth."

May Severence was like a queen in her wrath and majesty at that moment.

"Cousin August," she said, with a tense voice, "we might as well have an understanding now, which will last for all time."

He bowed his head.

"Let us have it," he said.

"I know what is in your mind. Some years ago you asked me to pledge myself to you. I told you that we could never be more than friends. Is not that right?"

"Yes; go on."

"As time has passed by I have never changed my mind, but grew more prejudiced against you. I consider you neither a gentleman nor a friend. This very day you have showed me your true nature, which is vengeful, aggressive, and villainous. Now, I am determined that our friendship must end. Never more dare to count me a friend, for I am your bitterest enemy. I hate you as I do a reptile!"

She spoke with deadly emphasis and force. It was all in keeping with her Southern nature, this broad declaration of war. In those troublous days the women of the South were at once self-reliant and defensive. De Lisle's face was swollen with passion.

"You are a traitor to your country!" he gritted, savagely. "I give you fair warning, May Severance, the fate of the traitor, whether man or woman, is death!"

"I do not fear death."

He opened the door, and it closed behind him. May drew a deep breath, and then walked unsteadily to the window. She saw a file of soldiers marching down to the small stone lodge which was used as a guard-house. Archie marched in their midst. She watched until he had passed out of sight. Then she drew back with clenched hands and an intense light in her wonderful eyes.

"It is not the act of a traitor!" she cried, "to save an innocent life. If it could only be done. It is some small risk, but what do I care for that—I will do it."

Meanwhile De Lisle had rejoined his brother officers outside. An orderly came up with a dispatch from Gen. Floyd for him to report to the front with his command. He rode away hurriedly. It was now near dark. Just as the shadows were deepening, May, with a shawl about her

shoulders, emerged from the house. She walked leisurely down a side-path among some shrubbery. A simple guard was pacing before the guard-house now. At a safe distance she paused. There was a window in the stone guard-house, which was covered with an iron grating. At this window she saw a pallid face. She knew that it was the face of the young Northern soldier, and her heart thrilled. How should she act? In what manner could she effect that rescue which she meditated? She stood in a spot which was screened from the eyes of the sentry by a network of vines clambering over a trellis. But she was plainly revealed to one looking from the window, and she gave a start and blushed crimson as she realized that Archie had seen her. The young Union soldier with an eager expression upon his face nodded to her. She returned the salutation, and in that moment an idea came to her. She was an adept in deaf and dumb language. But she was not assured that such was the case with Archie. Instinctively she made the sign talk with her fingers. To her joy, Archie instantly made reply.

"I will try and save you," she conveyed to him by means of the sign talk. "Be on your guard."

"You are kind," Archie returned, in the same manner. "I would not have you assume undue risk."

"You have only to follow my instructions," she replied. "In the corner of the room you are in there is a trap-door. It leads into a cellar. At the far end of this there is a door which you can easily force. There is a short passage of stone leading to a bulkhead which is not twenty feet from the guard's beat. You can wait until his back is turned, lift the trap in the bulkhead, and as quickly as possible dart into the shrubbery. At the east end of the stables I will have a horse all saddled for you."

"Heaven bless you!" returned Archie, on his finger-tips. "I shall never forget your kindness."

"The soldiers do not know of the connection of the bulkhead with the lodge cellar," continued May. "You will have to use great care, and you had better wait until near midnight, when all is quiet."

"I thank you. If I can ever repay you——"

But Archie stopped in surprise. She had vanished. He waited some while in vain for her return. Then he made an examination of his prison cell. Sure enough, there was the trap-door, as she had declared. He was tempted to open it and descend, but he remembered her advice. He returned to his post at the window, vainly hoping that she would return. Archie found a strange delight in intercourse with the planter's beautiful daughter. She was to him more than attractive, she seemed very near.

"I hope she will be there with the horse herself," he muttered. "I would like to meet her face to face and talk with her. I was never so interested in a girl before."

Then Archie blushed. He would not admit to himself that he was smitten with the planter's daughter. But he was certainly very near it. He counted the minutes until midnight came. They dragged by wearily. The rebel headquarters was hushed in quiet. The cannon which had been

booming all day had ceased its thunder, and both armies were resting upon their arms, waiting for the decisive strife of the morrow. Archie felt that the time had come for him to make his daring attempt at escape.

CHAPTER VIII.—Back in Camp.

Archie did not forget the warning that had been conveyed to him by May Severance. He proceeded with great caution.

The guard was pacing his beat methodically outside the prison door. Archie waited until he had reached the end of his beat, then raised the moment the prisoner fancied that he was betrayed. But the regular footsteps of the guard reassured him. He silently dropped through the trap and was in the cellar. All was Stygian gloom, and for a moment he was unable to locate his position. Finally, starting at random, he began to follow the cellar wall. This eventually brought him to the door. To his joy it easily swung back before his touch.

He passed into a narrow corridor, and following this a short distance, nearly stumbled up a flights of steps. He felt a thrill of joy and hope. He was but a step from liberty. Silently he crept up the steps. He raises the edge of the bulkhead trap. There is the sentry in the light of the watch fire. Just now he is advancing up his beat. In another moment he will turn his back. That was Archie's opportunity. With mighty suspense he waited. Then, just as the guard turned, he lifted the trap and emerged from the the bulkhead. Lowering the trap noiselessly he stood an instant, then glided into the shadows. Through the shrubbery he passed. He was safe. The escape was made. But Archie Gates knew that there would yet be much risk in getting out of the enemies' lines. He followed May's instructions and made for the stables.

All was silent in that locality. But tethered to a post at the corner of the building Archie saw a horse. In an instant he was by the animal's head. Archie vaulted lightly into the saddle. He struck the spurs home, and rode swiftly into the lane. In a very short time he had come to the creek. Archie was soon in sight of the Union picket line.

"Halt! Who comes?"

Archie threw his horse back on its haunches, and replied:

"A friend!"

"Advance, friend, and give the countersign."

Archie lowered his voice and made reply:

"The day is ours!"

"Pass, friend," returned the guard, lowering his gun. "Do you bear dispatches?"

"No," replied Archie. "I am an escaped prisoner from the Confederate camp."

"Cho! Ye don't say!"

Archie spurred his horse until the campfires were all about him. It was not hard to locate Birge's division, and Archie was soon with his comrades.

"Upon my soul, Archie, I thought you dead,"

cried Col. Lemoine. "I am awful glad to see you back."

Archie detailed his adventures to a listening and admiring circle. Then, after a time, and just as the morning roll-call was beating, he asked:

"Where is Sam?"

"Sam Benton, poor fellow, is—is dead!" replied Col. Lemoine, in startling tones. "One of our spies returned and brought the news that he had been shot by the rebs."

Archie gave a hoarse gasp.

"Sharpshooter Sam dead," he muttered, hollowly. "Well, I can't express my grief. Poor Sam. To-morrow in the decisive attack on Donelson, I will avenge you, my good friend."

But the report brought into the Union lines that Sharpshooter Sam was dead was a baseless canard. The fact in the case was that he was far in the Confederate lines, with important work on hand as a spy. Gen. Grant had requested that he should endeavor to obtain certain information which the "silent man" thought necessary to the success of his attack on Donelson the next day.

Sam had completed his errand and was now on his way to Grant's headquarters. But it was after daylight before he was able to reach headquarters, owing to the presence of the enemies' skirmish line, which cut him off. Already the thunder of Donelson's guns had begun. The decisive battle was on, and that day was to tell whether Sam Benton should win glory or the hero's grave.

CHAPTER IX.—Sam Brings Important News.

Meanwhile thrilling scenes were being enacted in other parts of the field. Gen. Grant with his staff were on an elevation watching the battle. It was an exciting time. Hither and thither orderlies were galloping and the commander-in-chief, the wonderful "silent man" of nerve, sat upon his horse coolly directing every move. He was confident of victory. He knew that the close of that day would see Donelson in the hands of the Northern army. He knew the valor of his men and he knew well how to stimulate it.

"Donelson is ours to-day, general," said a subordinate officer, confidently, as he stood by Grant's side. "We are sure of victory."

The "silent man" vouchsafed for reply only a curt nod. At this moment there was a commotion from the guard line just below. A tall, young man, of handsome features and dashing bearing, was trying to force his way through. The instant Gen. Grant's eyes rested upon him, he cried:

"Let him come through!"

The order was obeyed, and Sharpshooter Sam, the young spy, for it was he, came hastily to the commander-in-chief's side and doffed his cap.

"Gen. Grant, I have important news for you," he cried.

In an instant Grant descended from his horse. "Come into the tent," he said.

In the tent, the general closed the flap, and facing Sam, said curtly:

"Well, boy, what is it?"

Sam drew from his pocket a map. He spread it upon the table. Gen. Grant hastily glanced over it and gave a great start.

"What is this?" he cried. "Have the Confederates changed their line on the left? Yesterday they were three miles from this point which you have marked here."

"They have changed their base and their plan of attack," replied Sam. "You had better act accordingly."

"Certainly!" cried Grant, with as much excitement as his phlegmatic nature would allow. "It is not impossible but that they would have turned our right if I had not received this warning. Sam Benton, I still adhere to the belief that you will win your shoulder straps yet."

Sam blushed with this direct tribute to his efficiency, and replied, modestly:

"You are very encouraging, sir."

"I believe in encouraging those who are loyal and brave," declared the general. "This information you have brought me may save my army from what might have been a defeat. Come to me after the fight, Benton; I shall want to see you."

Grant hastily left the tent. Sam did the same, and struck out down the hillside. The fray was waxing hot, and the young sharpshooter was not the one to shirk his duty. He caught the inspiration of the moment, and going to Archie's tent he found his rifle. Then he set out to find Col. Lemoine's command. But he soon found that his own company was upon the opposite side of the field. It would take time to join them. A company was just going forward on the double quick. The officer in command, seeing his hesitation, cried:

"We shall need you; fall in!"

"Sam needed no second invitation. In a moment he was in the ranks. If Donelson was taken that day, he was determined to have a hand in it. The company in which he was at once plunged into the thickest of the action. Sam kept a lookout for Archie, but could see nothing of him. But he learned sad news, however. One of his comrades of Col. Lemoine's regiment passed near him, and Sam caught his arm.

"One moment!" he cried. "Where is our regiment?"

"On the last angle," replied the soldier, readily. "They have made a plucky fight, and carried an important position there."

"Good for you!" cried Sam.

"But it was at the expense of brave Lemoine."

"Col. Lemoine!" gasped Sam. "You don't mean to tell me——"

"That he was killed? Oh, yes. Shot down at the rail fence. I tell you it was a brave charge he led."

Sam calmed his nerves and managed to continue:

"But Archie Gates—you know him? Where is he?"

"Archie Gates!" cried the private, with kindling gaze. "Why, he is the hero of the hour. Every officer in our regiment was shot, and do you know brave Archie saved the regiment from defeat. He caught up Lemoine's sword and led the boys over the fence. It was the pluckiest

thing you ever saw. It's the talk of the regiment."

"Hurrah for Archie!" cried Sam, joyfully. "I knew there was good stuff in that boy!"

"You're right, comrade. I only hope he will pull through."

"Pull through!" gasped Sam. "Has—has he been wounded, then?"

"Oh, yes; he fell at the head of the column. Got a bullet in the shoulder, I believe. But I reckon he'll pull through all right."

Sam grasped his rifle tighter, and bidding the other adieu, fell into the line again. The company now moved forward, and began firing by rank. Shot and shell hissed and shrieked over their heads, and occasionally a gap was made in the ranks by some fearful explosive missile. It was a trying moment, but Sam was wholly without fear. He was chafing to get into the thickest of the fray. Men were falling all around him. The regiment was in a perilous position. It could not be worse to move forward, but still they remained exposed to the scathing fire.

"Put us ahead! Give us a chance!" were the cries of the chafing soldiers. But the officers were dumb. No order was given, no move was made. In that spell of time several glorious opportunities of charging the breastworks had come and gone.

"What are we waiting for? Give us the word," were the impatient cries.

What was the matter? Why were they allowed to stand there inactive and being riddled by shot and shell? It was the stupidity of a brigade commander. The result might have been the utter decimation of that brave regiment, had it not been for the eagle eye of Grant. He thundered an order to an adjutant near. Down the slope and across the field went the order. It was given to the colonel commanding. To the petty officers it went like lightning, and action was made at last. Grant's order was:

"Throw those men forward. Shove them over the breastwork!"

The order given by the dashing colonel was briefly:

"Fix bayonets! Charge!"

With a wild hurrah, forward went the regiment. The rebel guns were trained upon them, and shot and shell was pouring through their ranks. But they were as resistless in that charge as the waves of the ocean. Nothing could stay their progress. But the charge so gallantly made had been too long delayed. If it had been made a half hour previous, or even fifteen minutes earlier, the fort would have been carried. As it was, the wily rebel commander had been given time for preparation. His move—a proper one, too—was to send a detachment of cavalry in upon the flank of the Union regiment. The next moment the infantry and the cavalry were mixed up inextricably in a terrific struggle. Pen could not depict the pictures made.

Sam was in the very thickest of the fight. The rebel horsemen were rushing down upon the Union soldiers like an avalanche. And foremost among them, with a mighty thrill, Sam recognized a familiar form and features. August De Lisle, the swollen passion-distorted face, was in the vortex dealing blows right and left with his saber.

CHAPTER X.—Capture of Donelson.

From his position Sam could easily have given the villain a shot which would have silenced him forever. But he refrained from doing this. A purpose had entered his mind. He prepared to carry it out. Working his way through the press as well as he could, Sam made it his way to get as near to De Lisle as possible. In this way he was soon within a few yards of him. At the same moment De Lisle also caught sight of him. A light of recognition flashed from the rebel lieutenant's eyes, and he cried, in a hissing voice:

"Spy! I will have your life!"

Sam never flinched, but kept his gaze warily upon his foe. There was a surging of the press of men, and they were brought some yards nearer. Sam saw the glare of hate in his foe's eyes. De Lisle looked for his revolver, but it was gone.

"I knew you was a spy!" he gritted. "You insulted me, and you shall die for it."

"Not by your hands," replied Sam, coolly. "I mean to make you my prisoner, Mr. De Lisle."

"I ask no quarter nor will give none," hissed the villain. "Take that!"

De Lisle made a blow at him with his saber. Sam caught the blade on the barrel of his rifle. The blade was shattered like glass. Quick as a flash the young sharpshooter brought the rifle butt down upon De Lisle's wrist with great force. The sword hilt was dashed from his hand. The next moment Sam was by De Lisle's horse, and literally pulled him from the saddle. Neither had a weapon now, and it was a hand-to-hand conflict, and essentially a question of physical superiority. In this Sam excelled, and in a twinkling De Lisle was forced to his knees in the midst of the Union regiment. A score of bayonets were bristling in his face, and the cry went up:

"Surrender!"

"Ye—yes!" cried the terrified lieutenant. "I surrender—as—as a prisoner of war."

Sam did not accompany De Lisle to the rear. Two of the privates escorted the prisoner to headquarters. The young sharpshooter wished to remain upon the field of action. He held his place in the front rank, and, seizing a musket which had a bayonet, he made the fighting in his locality. While their own horsemen were so inextricably mixed up with the Union troops the rebels did not dare to fire from the fort. As a result the fire ceased in that direction, and the Union regiment speedily got the best of the cavalry. Many were shot down and others captured. Then, over the heap of dead horses and men, the regiment rushed in its wild charge upon the fort. On they went with wild and thrilling cheers. Again the big guns opened fire, and the earth trembled with their thunder.

The Union troops were now so near to the guns that vast clouds of smoke rushed into their face and the blaze of the gunpowder singed their garments. The rebel gunners stood at their posts, loading and firing as fast as they could, but over the parapet went the Union boys. Bayoneted at their posts were such of the gunners as did not flee. A wild, hoarse cheer went up from a thousand throats. It was a signal victory. The battery had been carried. Be-

yond were the breastworks of Fort Donelson bristling with armed men. Straight on went the brave regiment. The orders from headquarters had been to capture the battery, hold it, and wait further orders.

But an inspiration was upon the men. They forgot the orders, and passing the battery, went on with cyclonic fury to the fort. Up, up the parapet they went. The Stars and Stripes were planted there six times only to be cut down, before they finally stayed. Grant from his position saw and understood the situation. He realized that this was the opening wedge to victory. A reserve regiment went forward on the double quick. In no time the main force of the army was concentrated upon this one point. Human power could not resist such an avalanche of power. The defenders of the fort fought madly, but were driven back from the breastwork. The Union soldiers cleared the rampart and descended with the fury of tigers upon the gray-clad soldiers. At this moment consternation seized upon the rebel soldiers. A report had been circulated that the rebel general, with his staff, had sought safety in flight. In vain a few brave officers tried to rally the discouraged men.

A panic seized them, and they were driven back like sheep. At other points the storming parties now invaded the fort, and death confronted those who made resistance now. There was but one alternative. They were brave men, and had fought well, but they were beaten, as much by the cowardice of their general as aught else, and there was no other way but to throw down their arms. Down came the rebel colors, and the Stars and Stripes floated over Fort Donelson, the pride of the South. The fortress which had been deemed invincible had fallen. Sam Benton, the brave young sharpshooter, had passed through the thickest of the fight, and escaped without a wound. He had been one of the first men over the parapet. The commander of the brigade had sought his name for recommendation to Gen. Grant for promotion. Sam had made a good beginning toward the winning of shoulder straps. The entire rebel army fell into the hands of the Union army. It was a time of wildest excitement and triumph. Many brave men had fallen, but a mighty victory had been won. There are men alive to-day who well know the effects of the report that Donelson was taken upon the people of the North. But Sam was anxious about Archie. At the brigade headquarters he learned that the young hero had been taken to a plantation house near to have his wounds cared for.

Sam's sensations were of a peculiar sort when he learned that this house was the Severance mansion. He decided to go thither at once. First, however, he inquired about August De Lisle. He learned that the young rebel lieutenant had been sent to the transports as a prisoner of war. Then he turned his face toward the Severance mansion, with the beautiful face of May Severance uppermost in his mind. He little realized the bitter and heart-crushing experience he was to encounter there.

CHAPTER XI.—A Spirit of Affinity.

Archie Gates had truly covered himself with glory in that mad charge upon Donelson. Ev-

every man in the brigade, every staff officer, even Gen. Grant, had seen him as he crossed the rail fence. It was certain that he would receive promotion. It was the petition of his regiment that he be promoted to Col. Lemoine's position. But the appointment could not be made for several weeks yet. In the meanwhile being wounded with a bullet through the fleshy part of the shoulder, he was obliged to submit to surgical care. As the field hospitals were filled, Archie was conveyed to the Severances. The planter, although in sympathy with the Southern cause, was a man of humane principles, and at once threw his house open to wounded Union and rebel officers.

When Archie saw that he was to be conveyed to the plantation house he experienced a singular thrill. He thought of May Severance. Would she be there and what would she think if she knew that he was wounded? The cause of her people had met with a defeat. Would this prejudice her and turn her former sympathy to hatred? The young Union soldier asked himself these questions as he was conveyed to the temporary hospital. They found a ready answer. Just as he was being carried across the piazza on his stretcher May Severance appeared in the door. At sight of Archie she turned deadly pale. She seemed likely to faint, but Archie extended his hand, saying:

"You are glad to see me?"

She recovered quickly.

"Yes," she replied, giving him a look which made his heart leap. "but not in this condition. Are you badly hurt?"

"I think not," replied Archie, spiritedly. "The surgeon hinted at a week in bed or something of that sort. But it is too bad to thus intrude upon you."

"It is not an intrusion," she replied, quietly. "It is the duty of common humanity to throw one's house open at such a time."

"Would that every person were possessed of such a charitable view," declared Archie.

"Of course, I am disappointed that my people have lost the battle," she said, resolutely. "But I don't approve of fighting, anyway. This is a contest in which brother seeks to destroy brother. It is wicked."

"I agree with you," cried Archie, heartily. "I wish that it might be all ended in some other way than with the sword."

"But are you not suffering great pain?" she asked, solicitously. "You may take him to the large room front," she said to the attendants. "I shall come up and see you," to Archie, with a smile which thrilled him to intoxication.

Then Archie was carried on and up the stairs to the room named by his fair hostess, which was a large, airy, and cheerful chamber. Here skilled surgeons waited upon Archie and his wound was carefully dressed. Then, left alone, he fell asleep and remained thus for some hours. When he finally awoke he saw a cheerful fire blazing on the hearth and a slight, petite form seated in a rocker near it. His gaze kindled as he recognized May Severance. But before he could speak she noted the fact that he was awake and was at once by his side.

"Hush! You must not move," she spoke, warningly. "It is the advice of your surgeon that you are not to change your position."

"That is a cruel decree," said Archie, with a smile. "How am I to submit to it? If I were only able now, how I would like to take a gallop with you over to the fortifications and see again the ground where our boys fought so bravely."

"And where our Southern lads met defeat with such heroism," she put in.

"Yes," cried Archie, eagerly. "They fought well and bravely. But our charge was too much for human powers to withstand."

"Your regiment was one of the first over the breastworks," she said, with a brilliant light in her eyes. "I was told all about your brave charge by one of our men."

"And yet you do not hate me as a foe to your cause?" asked Archie, in wonderment.

A strange, subdued light came into her eyes. She drew herself up and with an attitude worthy of a goddess, replied:

"It is not you, nor your regimental followers, who are to blame for this cruel war. You are but the dupes and the tools of a few ambitious politicians and hot-headed statesmen. They are responsible for all this bloodshed."

"Miss Severance, I honor you for your broad views," cried Archie, earnestly. "You are certainly right. I believe that all this strife might have been averted. Then you do not regard me personally as your enemy?"

"By no means," she replied firmly. "Indeed, I shall be glad to consider you my friend."

"Forever!" cried Archie, impulsively. "Miss Severance, I am honored to be admitted to your friendship."

He felt like saying more, but checked himself with an effort. She seemed to read his thoughts, for she hastily changed the subject.

"My father cannot look at matters in so liberal a manner," she said. "Of course, it is a bitter disappointment to him, as to all Southern planters, to know that a Union victory means the liberation of the slaves and financial ruin. My father has always been kind to his slaves. I doubt if they would want to leave him, even with their freedom."

"I have no doubt of that," said Archie.

"Yet my father is a just man and is willing to abide by the laws of the land. If the North wins, then we shall try to conduct the old plantation upon the new order of things."

Archie was silent. He watched the play of expression upon the sweet face of the planter's daughter, and wondered if there was another in the world so pure and generous, so angelic as she. He revered her, he acknowledged to himself a love for her. Yet his was not the passion of a lover. It was the intuitive attraction which one might feel for an angel of mercy. To him she was a sister in every meaning. He did not for an instant believe that she entertained other than this species of regard for him. Therefore, it was not the sentiment of passion or with any lover-like desire of possession that caused him to hold out his hand and say:

"Miss Severance, pardon me, but may I take your hand?"

Without an instant's hesitation she placed her soft hand in his. There was nothing but truth and honesty in her calm eyes as she met his worshipping gaze.

"Miss Severance," continued Archie, earnestly,

"you have made a deep impression upon me by your philosophic utterances. Pardon me, for this frank declaration, but I have a feeling toward you which I cannot define. It is a feeling which I never remember of having experienced but once before in my life, and that was in infancy when I am sure that I must have been in my mother's arms."

She returned his gaze steadily.

"I cannot say that I understand you," she said.

"Indeed, I do not understand myself," replied Archie. "But I will tell you first of myself. Since my earliest recollection I have never known father nor mother. I have had many friends, but never one toward whom I could feel that peculiar regard which one feels toward one's own kith and kin. The world has seemed in that respect one lonely, dreary void."

There was a pitying light in her eyes. Her gaze softened and she murmured:

"I understand you."

"But somehow, when in your presence," he continued earnestly, "I feel as though my own mother had descended from Heaven and was by my side. I am happy, so happy. Now we are comparative strangers, and this is an unusual declaration for me to make. Yet I speak the truth when I assert that you seem something more to me than anyone else on earth."

May Severance seemed strangely affected by this declaration of the young Union soldier. She drew her hand quickly from his, and with a startled exclamation arose.

At that moment the door opened, and a tall form entered. It was Sharpshooter Sam.

CHAPTER XII.—Sam Puts His Foot in It.

Sam Benton had hastened to the Severance mansion to learn the welfare of his young comrade who had covered himself with glory that day. But all the way hither his thoughts had been divided with the planter's beautiful daughter. Sam would not admit it to himself, yet he was smitten deeper than words could tell. Reaching the plantation house, he had inquired of one of the surgeons which was Archie's room. Not seeing anything of May or her father, the young sharpshooter had not hesitated, but went directly up to Archie's room.

He had opened the door just in time to hear Archie's last words, "You are something more to me than anyone else on earth," and to see May Severance spring up with flushed cheeks and embarrassed manner. Love, in its incipient stage, is a most distrustful and unreasonable affliction. A great chill swept over the heart of Sharpshooter Sam. He would have given all he had in life at that moment if he could have backed out of the chamber gracefully and escaped. But he was unable to do this. For a moment it seemed to him as if he should fall. The room whirled: a sickening faintness overwhelmed him, and he staggered, wildly clutching at the air. His face was ashen-hued. It was a blow which had struck home in his heart.

"My God!" he muttered, under his breath. "It is all over."

In that brief flash of time he saw only the

grisly conviction that his hopes were dashed. His ideal was shattered. The girl whom he had regarded as a bright pearl beyond price was but a heartless coquette. Certainly this was true, else why should she listen to this love declaration of Archie's?

So Archie had won her heart? Ah, well, Sam reflected, instantly, the dream was broken, and the end had come. Better to forget it. But was this easy? Archie, with surprise, had turned upon his pillow. At sight of Sam a wild cry of joy escaped his lips. But this was succeeded by an exclamation of solicitude.

"Sam, old pard!" he cried, and then seeing his comrade's white face and stricken attitude, "but heavens! are you wounded or ill, Sam? What is the matter, comrade?"

In an instant May was by Sam's side, and a light of soft sympathy was in her eyes.

"You are ill!" she cried, solicitously. "Lie upon this couch and I will call help."

But Sam evaded her gaze. With an effort he made reply in remonstrance:

"No, no!" he said, with forced calmness. "I am better. It was only a momentary illness. I am all right now. I thank you. Pardon me, Miss Severance. Well, Archie, old comrade, you got through alive."

It was a brave attempt at his old heartiness which Sam made.

"By the best of good fortune, Sam," replied Archie. "And you—they give me great accounts of your bravery. I knew you would cover yourself with glory."

Sam was quite himself now. May stood timidly by, but he was almost rude in his ignorance of her. There was a shadow of pain upon her beautiful face. Archie saw it, and gave his friend a searching glance.

"I was at the other end of the fortifications," said Sam, modestly, "but I heard of your brilliant charge. Not badly perforated, eh? Oh, the shoulder. Well, that will heal in time and you'll be back in the ranks. Do you know I have heard a rumor which will greatly cheer you? Col. Lemoine is dead, and——"

"Go easy!" breathed Archie.

"Can you stand the shock? Yes, it's really so. All the boys in the regiment have petitioned Grant to appoint you at the head of the regiment. You are sure to get there, Archie. Is not that enough to make you pick up your bed and walk?"

A light of inexpressible joy and gratification flashed from Archie's eyes.

"Sam," he said, huskily, "it was kind of the boys. I don't deserve it."

"Yes, you do!" cried the young sharpshooter, with all the impulsive generosity of his spirit. "You are just the man for the place. The boys will fight like tigers under you. Now, you must hurry up and get well——"

"But you?" asked Archie, eagerly. "You deserve promotion more than I."

Sam shot a glance askance at May, and in a voice tinged in spite of himself with bitterness, said:

"What good will promotion do me, Archie? There is a disappointment in my life so deep, so bitter, that I seek only to throw my life away upon the first battlefield."

Archie Gates was dumfounded. May Severance had started forward, with white face and clenched hands, as though she would speak. But she did not utter a word. Sam turned his head to see her attitude. Their eyes met.

In an instant more passed between them than could have been expressed in words. Sam was upon his feet in an instant. His hands were clenched, his face white, and he spoke with fervor:

"I may as well speak my mind. To suffer in silence I cannot. Miss Severance, you have dealt me the hardest blow of my life. I fancied you an angel upon earth, the soul of purity and of honor. How is my dream shattered."

She seemed to wince slightly beneath this scathing declaration, but her manner was calm and dignified, her eyes almost pitying in their glance.

"You are laboring under a delusion," she said, quietly and with wonderful self-control. "I am sorry that your opinion is changed. As for myself, nothing could change my opinion long since formed of you, that you are the soul of honor, of nobility, and of generosity. I am not your enemy, but your friend."

Sam Benton was more than stirred by this declaration. Surely those were not the words of a woman playing a part. Yet he could not conquer the bitterness of his soul.

"Do not tell me that you are my friend," he said, bitterly. "What I see with my own eyes I must believe."

"Your eyes are dimmed with the film of unreason," she said, in a queenly way. "But enough has been said. I will leave you with bon camarade."

She turned to the door and passed out of the room. Sam, acting upon impulse, turned and cried:

"Wait!"

But she was gone. For a moment he was like a pallid statue. Then he turned and saw Archie's gaze fixed intently upon him.

"What on earth are you driving at, Sam Benton? Don't you see that you have driven her away?"

"Yes," said Sam, with forced calmness. "I have made a fool of myself. Pardon me, Archie, I will explain to you. It is the truth that I foolishly formed an attachment for the girl, before I knew that you—you had claimed her heart."

"What!" thundered the wounded hero. "Don't you ever repeat that statement. Sam Benton, look at me! You are a great jealous fool."

Sam's face flushed momentarily with anger. But the light in his friend's eyes changed his sentiment. They gazed steadily at each other, and then both laughed.

"I think you are right, Archie," Sam declared. "But—tell me the truth. Were you not making love to her as I entered?"

"No," replied Archie, decisively, "not a word of love has ever passed between us. I regard her only in the light of a sister, of an angel of mercy—nothing more."

Sam Benton drew a deep breath.

"Archie, old friend!" he cried, brokenly. "What a fool I have been! I see it all now. Can you possibly forgive me?"

"You needn't apologize to me," returned Archie, with a laugh. "It will be enough for you to make peace with her."

"How can I ever prove to her again that I am not a boor and a fool?" exclaimed Sam, in a dejected way.

"At the first opportunity apologize," declared Archie. "She is an angel, and angels will always forgive. But, Sam Benton!"

"Well?"

"You are the luckiest dog on earth. She loves you. I saw it in her eyes. I congratulate you, old man!"

Sam gripped Archie's hand.

"If I were sure of that!" he cried, fervidly, "I should be the happiest man in the world."

"You may be sure of it. Now, leave me for a time. Come to me again in the morning!"

Sam was about to comply with this request when the door softly opened. An orderly and a surgeon stood upon the threshold.

CHAPTER XIII.—The Guerrillas.

Sam started up as the intruders appeared.

The surgeon, however, saulted him and said:

"Ah, you are watching the patient, eh? How is he progressing?"

"Very nicely, doctor," replied Archie, cheerfully, "thanks to your skilful care."

"Too much excitement," declared the surgeon, ominously. "Let me feel your pulse. Ah, quite normal. Only slight fever also. Well, orderly, I think the patient can stand the news!"

"News!" cried Archie. "What has happened?"

"Nothing serious, my friend," said the surgeon. "Quiet your nerves. I should have said good news."

An inkling of the truth flashed across Archie's mind. He exchanged quick glances with Sam. Then the orderly saluted, and drawing a paper from his pocket read:

"A dispatch from the general's secretary at headquarters. To Archie Gates! The general has signed the application for your commission as colonel, to fill the place made vacant by the death of Col. Lemoine. As soon as approved by the President you may report for duty at the head of your regiment."

"Promoted!" gasped Sam. "What a lucky fellow, Archie Gates!"

"We congratulate you," said the surgeon.

The light of joy in Archie's eyes was inexpressible, as he lay back upon his pillow and murmured:

"It is more honor than I deserve."

"Not a bit of it," cried Sam, heartily, but the surgeon put a finger to his lips.

"The patient will hear no more," he said. "You must leave."

Sam and the orderly at once left the room. In the success of his friend Sam Benton was conscious of no feeling of envy, of no jealousy whatever. He shared Archie's joy in his great good fortune, and was sincere in the motive. For a week, Archie Gates was confined to his couch. But gradually he began to gain strength. He was soon able to get out of his room and sit upon the broad piazza. There was but little

fighting in the vicinity, and the main army had moved to a point further down the river. But a small garrison was left to Fort Donelson, and a guard of soldiers at the Severance house to protect the few convalescent officers there.

Sam had occupied his time about the place quite profitably. A few words had settled the affair between May and himself, and they were upon the best of terms. They daily rode out together on horseback. May was a skillful horsewoman and the Severances possessed a number of fine thoroughbred horses.

The week drifted by like a dream to Sam, and he could not have wished for greater happiness than to be forever by the side of May Severance. But the dream could not last forever. One day, while at the table, a dispatch came to the planter, Jules Severance. Thus it read:

"Dear Uncle Jules.—I have given the Yanks the slip and am free again. I shall try to make my way to Memphis. Send me some money there. Do not fail.

"Your nephew,
August De Lisle."

"Then August has escaped," mused the planter. "Well, I cannot refuse to send him the money, for the boy may be in great need."

Sam was astounded at the intelligence. He saw that May turned deadly pale and did not seem overjoyed by the news.

"Well," he commented in a casual way, "I must say that Mr. De Lisle did well to give our guards the slip."

"August is a plucky youth," said the planter, with conviction. "He will surely make his mark before the war is over."

Sam was inclined to disagree with the planter upon this point, but he did not say so.

They had just finished the meal, when, as they were arising from the table, the crash of musketry was heard outside, and a sentry came rushing in.

"Send for reinforcements!" he cried. "We are attacked by guerrillas. They are as thick as bees down the lane."

Sam waited to hear no more. He sprang out upon the piazza, seizing his rifle as he did so. The small guard of soldiers were engaged in a lively skirmish in the old lane back of the negro cabins. Sam went thither at once. A messenger had been sent to the fort for reinforcements. Had it not been for the arrival of these the little guard would have been overpowered. But the troops came up from the fort in double-quick time. Before the increased numbers the guerrillas fell back. Darkness had shut down and nothing could be seen of the foe but the flash of their guns. Sam was watching these when he felt a touch on the arm. He turned and beheld Archie Gates.

"Great heavens!" he gasped. "You here, Archie? Do you think of the risk?"

"Pshaw! I'm all right," cried the young colonel. "I'm not going to stay cooped up in the house any longer. I am going to the front without delay."

"But it may result seriously to you," remonstrated Sam.

"I'll risk it. But it's just my luck to get here, after all the fighting is over."

"Yes, it is about over," replied Sam. "The guerrillas have withdrawn. Well, Archie, let us go back to the house."

Together they turned and made their way back to the house. But as they reached the entrance, it was seen that a commotion was going on inside, and Jules Severance, the planter, rushed out, crying in wildest anguish:

"Help! help! Oh, they have taken May away! She must be saved! Get horses! Go in pursuit! Save my child!"

For a moment Sam seemed likely to faint. He rushed into the house to learn the startling truth. May Severance's room showed evidences of a terrific struggle. The window was open, and there was the smell of chloroform in the air. There was no doubt but that she had been abducted. At once Sam Benton was fired with a deadly resolve. The lion's spirits was aroused within him.

He would rescue her, if he had to invade the enemy's camp single-handed. He dashed downstairs and out into the yard. The negroes had brought horses. He wanted one of the best thoroughbreds. Jules Severance was upon another, and, in spite of remonstrance, Archie Gates mounted one of the horses.

CHAPTER XIV.—In Hot Pursuit.

No time was lost in making the start. Half a hundred of the soldiers from the fort galloped down the lane with Jules Severance, the planter, Sam and Archie in the lead.

Sam felt sure that the abductors of May Severance could not have got a very great lead. As to their identity, he could form no conjecture, save that they must belong to the roving band of guerrillas. Leaving the mansion, they turned into the lane back of the house, and had reached the banks of the creek, when a literal sheet of flame burst from the woods, and a number of the riders fell. The enemy were in front, and in what number they had no means of knowing. It was not too late even then for the troop to wheel and ride back to safe cover. But Sam and Archie in the lead had no thought of such a thing.

The enemy was before them, and they led the charge at full speed across the creek and into the belt of timber. It was a signal victory. The very daring of the thing assured success, and the guerrillas were driven back like chaff before the wind. Through the timber they pursued the guerrillas for some distance. There they sought refuge in a swamp, where further pursuit was out of the question, for the horses could not go through it. The darkness was almost intense, and a halt was called. A consultation was held as to what it was now best to do.

Jules Severance, the planter, was beside himself with fear and dread. He was in a fearful state of mind, and just reckless enough to do some ill-advised thing in his frenzy.

"Which way shall we go?" exclaimed Sam, in despair. "I know nothing of the country hereabouts."

"Well, I can tell you all about it," replied the

planter. "This swamp is some miles in extent. If they have taken May in there, we cannot pursue them until daylight comes."

"Do you think they have taken her in there?" asked Sam.

"I can only guess. Now, to the right is a road which leads to a small hamlet, about five miles from here. Maybe they have taken her there."

"Nothing is to be gained by staying here," declared Sam. "Let us go somewhere."

"That is my mind," cried the agonized planter. "Somewhere—anywhere."

"On to the hamlet, then!" cried Sam. "If she is not found there, we can employ our time riding around until daylight. Then we may return to the swamp."

"Right!" cried Archie. "Forward, all!"

The cavalcade dashed on at a swift gait.

It did not take long to reach the hamlet. No sign of the guerrillas were soon on the way. In the sleepy little hamlet but few people were astir at that hour. Enough was learned, however, to demonstrate satisfactorily that the guerrillas had not been here.

"Back to the swamp!" cried Sam, spurring his horse. "That is where the guerrillas are, and there we must look for May. Heaven help us find her!"

Back over the road they galloped. When about half the distance had been covered, a startling thing occurred. A bend in the road was turned and just ahead Sam saw moving forms. Against the light of the sky he saw that they were horsemen and that they were approaching. It was a startling discovery. Who were they, and were they aware of the presence of the Union soldiers in the road? There was not time to decide this question, for they drew nearer, and Sam was obliged to give a hail.

"Holloa, there! Friend or foe?"

The result was startling. With a clash of sabers and clatter of hoofs the horsemen came to an abrupt halt. Sam's men did the same. Then, in response to the hail, a sharp voice said:

"Who are you? Union or Reb?"

A great cry burst from Jules Severance.

"That is my nephew's voice," he cried. "I know it well. August, don't you know me? I am your Uncle Jules."

Sam and Archie had both recognized the voice of the Confederate lieutenant. There was a moment of silence, then the reply came back:

"So that's you, Uncle Jules. Well, have you turned Yankee?"

"Of course not."

"Who are those men with you?"

"A detachment of the Union garrison at Donelson."

"I thought so," said De Lisle, with a bitter laugh. "You can't fool me, though you are my uncle. I can see through your game quite well. You pretend to be loyal to the South, but—"

"I am loyal to the South, August!" cried Severance, earnestly. "Some ruffians have broken into my house and abducted May."

"No," replied De Lisle, in a determined voice. "You are wrong, Uncle Jules. Nobody has abducted May to do her harm. She has only been taken away for safekeeping."

"What!" gasped the astounded planter. "Is that then your work, August De Lisle?"

"Have it so if you will," replied the villain, with a coarse laugh. "You know quite well that May is lawfully mine. It was arranged many years ago that she should marry me."

"But it was not arranged that you should come into the house like a thief and steal her away!" exploded the planter.

"Tut, tut! Easy, uncle. You do not understand the case. In your house you are harboring a scoundrelly Union spy, who has won May's heart, and she would marry him if she could against your wishes and mine. That is why I have taken her away for safe-keeping."

"August De Lisle!" cried Severance, in wrath, "you are either a fool or a villain, and I am inclined to think the latter. When did I ever encourage your suit with May? I would rather see her buried than a wife of yours."

"Do you mean that?" hissed De Lisle.

"I do."

"Then it is quite fortunate that I have stolen her away. I am now sure of her," declared De Lisle, triumphantly.

"I demand that you return my daughter to me. I am a man of influence, and I can make it troublesome for you, August De Lisle."

The villain laughed scornfully.

"Do your worst!" he cried, contemptuously. "I am not of the regular army, anyway. I am now leader of this band of guerrillas. I shall make you feel the weight of my hand before I am done with you."

"My soul!" groaned the planter. "To think that I should have been blind hitherto to the iniquities of that wretch, and he my own nephew. By my right hand, I will see him richly punished for it!"

"Yanks!" called De Lisle, coarsely, "will you surrender, or shall we be obliged to cut you to pieces? We have four men to one. You cannot defeat us."

"Never!" cried Sam, in trumpet tones. "Attention, men! Give the scoundrels a volley. Ready! Aim! Fire!"

Every carbine of the Union cavalcade spoke, and the volley was not without its effect. No sooner had it been fired than Sam waved his arm aloft and shouted:

"Forward! Quick trot! Charge!"

With a cheer, which was thrilling in the extreme, the Union horsemen dashed forward. It did not seem as if any power could withstand that onslaught. The quick action of Sam Benton was what won the victory. Before the guerrillas had time to prepare for the attack their foes were upon them. As a result they scattered and were quickly dispersed. Many horses and riders were left dead upon the road. For several miles the fleeing guerrillas were pursued. A number were taken prisoners. But August De Lisle, in some manner, managed to elude his foes. Until daybreak the cavalcade scoured the country about in vain for some trace of the villain.

Then, just as they were nearing the fords of the creek just below the Severance mansion, a slight accident happened. Archie's horse, in leaping a rail fence, stumbled and fell. The young colonel was thrown heavily and lay in a state of insensibility.

CHAPTER XV.—Sam is Outgeneraled.

Archie's fall brought all to a halt, and a cry of alarm pealed from Sam's lips. In an instant he leaped from his horse and rushed to Archie's side. The next instant the planter, Jules Severance, all solicitude, was with him.

"Is he badly hurt?" he asked. "Poor lad! It was a wicked fall."

"I think not," replied Sam. "I think he has only fainted."

"Give him air," said the planter. "Free his throat."

With quick hands he burst open the collar of Archie's shirt and bared his breast. As he did so there was revealed upon the clear white skin a singular mark.

It was a purple crescent, as plainly defined as if painted there. The planter gave one glance at this, and a hoarse cry escaped his lips. Sam looked up in amazement.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"Matter?" gasped the planter. "Do you see that mark?"

"Yes," replied Sam, curiously. "I should say it was a birthmark."

"Of course," returned the planter, in a hoarse, trembling voice. "But, my God! Do you know what that is to me, man?"

"I cannot imagine," replied Sam, wonderingly.

Archie was just opening his eyes at this moment. He had been simply stunned by the fall, and quickly recovering, sat up. The sun just rising threw a light upon the blue crescent on his breast.

"Sam!" exclaimed Archie, joyfully. "What happened? Oh, I remember, the horse fell. I'm all right. Only a little dizzy."

Jules Severance was pacing up and down with knitted brow and clenched hands. As Archie arose he turned to him.

"Look here, young man," he said, earnestly, "answer me one question, truthfully. Has that crescent mark always been upon your breast?"

Archie gave a start.

"That?" he exclaimed, in surprise. "That is my birthmark."

"Who are you?"

Archie stared at the planter. Had he gone mad?

"Pardon me!" rejoined Severance, who seemed stifling some fearful emotion. "But tell me who were your parents."

"Parents!" exclaimed Archie. "What is that to you?"

"It is my life."

"Well, I never had any parents."

"You never did?" screamed the excited planter. "Then it is the same. I can see her eyes in yours. I know it! I know it! You have always supposed yourself an orphan, eh? Who brought you up?"

"An old lady in a rural town in New York," replied Archie. "Her name was Gates. I took her name."

"Go on, go on!" screamed Severance, wildly. "Whom did she get you of?"

"I believe a man named Bill Logan brought me to her. He would never tell her where I came from."

"Bill Logan!" gasped Severance. "He is the fellow. He was my overseer."

Then the planter controlled himself with a mighty effort.

"Pardon my excitement," he said, "but I will explain to you my actions by telling you a little story of my life."

"Twenty years ago my wife and I lived happily here upon this plantation. We had but one child then, a son, whom we named Leslie. My daughter May had not come to bless our lives then."

"I worshipped my little two year old son. I builded great plans for his future. But I had an overseer in my employ, a brutal fellow, named Bill Logan. I had a falling out with Logan, and he being a desperate fellow, took fearful revenge upon me."

"He kidnapped my darling boy, Leslie, and I was never able to learn his fate. Upon his breast was that same blue crescent."

A sharp cry escaped Archie's lips. His eyes looked into those of the planter.

"Heaven be praised!" he cried, in fearfully excited tones. "I can see it now. You are my father."

"My son, my darling boy Leslie," cried Severance, with tears streaming down from his eyes as they embraced.

Sam had been an astounded witness. Overcome by the scene, he was now compelled to turn away. It was a glorious reunion, indeed, that between father and son, separated since infancy, only to be reunited at last, after twenty years. After a time the planter said:

"Now, if we can find May and rescue her, how overjoyed she will be to know that you are her own brother. She must be rescued!"

Archie turned to Sam and grasped his hand.

"Now, my dear friend," he said, "you can understand truly the affinity so natural between May and myself."

"You are my brother as well," cried Sam, with choking voice, "for I love May and she shall be my wife."

"I will be happy to see her yours, Sam," replied Archie, fulsomely.

But no further time was allowed for conversation. Suddenly the warning notes of the bugle sounded.

"To arms!" came the cry. "The enemy are trying to outflank us."

Sam was in the saddle in a moment. He was the personification of bravery as he rode down the Union line. The crack of rifles from the undergrowth to the eastward showed that the guerrillas were advancing in that quarter. The little stream was between them, but this could easily be forded.

"Steady, boys!" cried Sam. "Throw out a little skirmish line to the left there, sergeant. We must feel of them. Maybe that is only a blind."

Sam knew that this was more than likely. It was an easy matter for the guerrillas to make a bluff at this point, while they were masking another move with the main body. That was why the skirmish line went forward. But skirmishers are apt to overestimate the strength of a foe in front. Very soon the report came back:

"They say that the enemy are pretty strong in front, there, colonel," said the sergeant as he came up.

"Indeed!" cried Sam. "Double the line, then. Put more men in."

In a few moments there was all the appearance of a tremendous fight to the left. It seemed to Sam as if his opportunity had come. If the double line of skirmishers could hold the foe steady for a short while, he could move the main troop quietly across the creek, and come upon the enemy in the rear. It was good generalship, and would certainly have been a master-stroke had Sam's information been reliable.

As it was, however, he made the one mistake of his career.

"Draw saber!" was the order he gave. "Forward!"

He led the way himself. The troop crossed the creek, and, making a little detour, came into the road. They were now as Sam fancied in the enemy's rear. A charge down this road must surprise and outflank them.

"Ready!" he shouted. "Draw saber! Quick trot! Charge!"

Forward went the cavalcade, gaining speed every moment. Down a slight incline and they were upon the foe. There was a feeble volley, a few derisive yells, and Sam then found himself with his troop on the opposite bank of the creek.

The enemy were dispersed, but they were only a slight handful of men and not the main body. Now heavy firing in the rear of his skirmish line on the opposite bank warned Sam of the real location of the foe. This had all been a blind, a clever stratagem, and it was a mortifying reflection to the young sharpshooter.

CHAPTER XVI.—Dastardly Work.

The creek was too deep and miry here to ford. The only way was to return to the ford and hasten to the relief of the skirmish line which was already being driven back.

"My soul!" reflected Sam. "We must make lively work. They will drive the line back to the house and perhaps fire the building. Forward, all!"

It was a mad, swift ride back to the ford. But arriving there a new drawback was encountered. A force of guerrillas on the opposite bank had command of the ford and were able to for a time hold them at bay. The Union soldiers dropped from their saddles as the murderous fire was kept up. Sam was frantic. He gave the order to charge and headed the line himself. He was the first across the stream and rode fearlessly down upon the foe. A score of men followed him closely and the guerrillas were routed.

But heavy firing was now going on up by the house. Jules Severance was frantic.

"It will be a sorry day for August De Lisle if he dares to fire my home!" he declared, angrily.

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when a long tongue of flame shot up into the murky sky.

"Too late, Mr. Severance!" cried Sam, despondently. "They have outflanked us."

A groan escaped the planter's lips. Archie rode by his side, as did Sam. The Union troops followed in the rear. But before they could reach the burning building, a heavy volley in

front brought them to a halt. The skirmish line, or what was left of it, now came in. Sam threw it out in front this time, and a rapid firing was maintained. But the guerrillas had gained the vantage and held it with impunity. They had a powerful force, and Sam felt that it would be discretion to send to Donelson for reinforcements.

The flames from the burning building now filled the sky. Jules Severance groaned in agony as he saw his household goods thus going up in smoke. The yells of the guerrillas were plainly heard as they carried the torch from one building to another. In a few moments everything was in flames. And our friends were powerless to check the work of destruction. They could only keep up a desultory fire with the skirmish line in front. Severance was beside himself with fury and wrath against De Lisle, whom he blamed for the outrage.

"He is no longer a nephew of mine!" he fumed. "I disown him forever! He shall pay for this, if I live long enough!"

Sam's messenger sent to Donelson never reached there. He met reinforcements on the road, for the flames had been seen and the firing heard by the garrison. The Union troops came up at full gallop. There were three hundred troopers, and Sam knew it would be safe now to charge the guerrillas. Accordingly, the word was given. The Union soldiers dashed forward, burst through the foe's skirmish line and reached the blazing embers of the fire. But the place was deserted. Having accomplished their fiendish work, the guerrillas had fallen back again into the swamp.

A pursuit was attempted, but it was of little avail. It was finally decided to wait until daylight before forcing the fighting further. Much chagrined, the Union troop rested upon their arms for the rest of the night. But neither Sam nor Archie nor Jules Severance had slept that night. The planter was beside himself with disgust and anger.

"Confound the foolishness of this war," he cried, forcibly. "It is the greatest mistake this country has ever made. I have never been in sympathy with this war. It is the work of a scheming set of politicians who merely wanted to feather their own nests."

"I think you are in a measure right, Mr. Severance," declared Sam. "The war was certainly unnecessary. A few men are responsible for the whole thing."

"It is a pity they cannot be hanged and bring the whole thing to an end," continued the planter.

Sam drew apart from the others. A daring resolve had suggested itself to him and he was half tempted to put it into execution. The lieutenant from Donelson was pacing up and down before a camp-fire when Sam approached him.

"This is a rascally piece of work. Lieut. Decatur," he said, with a salute. "Something ought to be done to make good Mr. Severance's loss. It is a hard thing."

"Indeed, you are right, Sam," replied the lieutenant. "Well, if I live until to-morrow night, we'll try and give those blasted guerrillas a smart lesson."

"What do you suppose their move has been?"

"I should say they have gone over to the high

lands beyond the swamp. There is any quantity of hiding places over there."

"Then we will route them out to-morrow," declared Sam. "Have you a strong picket on guard to-night?"

"Yes, a double one."

"Good! We shall hope for good luck to-morrow then. But in the meanwhile, lieutenant, I would like to ask your opinion."

"Well?" exclaimed the officer.

"You know that I have done some good work as a spy for Gen. Grant. Now, it will be of particular importance to know to-morrow morning just what the enemy's position is."

"Yes, you are right."

"Therefore, I think I'll take a little scouting tour down through swamp."

"Eh? When?" asked the lieutenant. "Not to-night?"

"Yes, now."

"You have good pluck, Sam Benton. Well, I wish you good luck."

"Ah, but you forgot, lieutenant, I may wish to return."

"Oh, certainly, the countersign is"—the lieutenant lowered his voice to a whisper—"For God and my country."

"For God and my country," repeated Sam. "Thank you. I will try and report to you in the morning."

"I certainly wish you luck."

"I thank you. Au revoir!"

Sam turned and plunged into the darkness. He passed out of the camp and struck out for the creek. In a few moments he had located the picket. The night was inky black. Sam approached the spot where the guard was supposed to be stationed. To his surprise, he was unchallenged. What did it mean? He asked himself this with a peculiar thrill.

CHAPTER XVII.—Into the Enemy's Camp.

Sam was astonished at not being challenged by the picket. He was more surprised when he saw the soldier sitting with his back to a tree and his head on his knees.

"Come!" he said, harshly; "this is poor business for you. Don't you know that you may be the means of sacrificing the life of every man in the regiment?"

The sentry did not awake or answer. Instead, he fell stiffly across Sam's path. There was something so odd in his movements that the young spy was struck with it. He shook the fellow again. Then he drew a match from his pocket and struck it. In its flickering light he beheld the sentry's face. It was pallid and drawn. Blood streaked it, and there was a contusion over the left eye. The skull was crushed as by a heavy blow. The man was dead. With a thrill of horror Sam started up. What was this? Whose work was this? It was a fearful reflection, for Sam had no means for knowing but that the foe were all about him. Certainly it was a deep mystery. He tried to penetrate the gloom about him. Then he took a backward step. He imitated the shrill

whistle which was used to call the corporal of the guard. It was quickly answered. There was a sharp bugle note, the rush of feet, the distant clank of arms. Then down to the post came rushing a guard of men. Sam met them coolly. One of them flashed a lantern in his face.

"Sam Benton, the spy!" he cried. "Where is Dolan? Isn't he on picket duty?"

"Is that the name of the picket guard?" asked Sam.

"Yes."

"Well, then, I may as well tell you. He is dead."

"Dead?"

A sharp cry escaped the corporal's lips.

"Treachery!" he cried. "The enemy have got within our lines, then. Be on the lookout for spies. Here, you, Armstrong and Duval, go to headquarters at once and report this matter. Have the camp searched for spies."

The two soldiers hastened away to obey the order. The corporal of the guard examined the body of the dead sentry. Then the post was left in charge of two men and Dolan's body was taken to headquarters. Sharpshooter Sam was not further interested in the matter. There was important work before him, and without delay he struck out into the dense woods. Soon he was far from the place and making his way as well as he could in the darkness toward the guerrilla camp. Sam Benton was never in a more earnest mood in his life. He was bound to rescue May Severance at any cost. He would risk his life to save the girl he loved. So he plunged on in the darkness. It was hard climbing through the thick undergrowth, but he kept on for a time. At length, to his great relief, he came out into an open country. And he was thrilled to see on the spur of the hills, not far distant, the light of a camp-fire.

Of course he had no accurate means of knowing, but Sam believed that he had discovered De Lisle's camp. If so, of course he was near May, and there was a wild hope in his breast that he might speedily effect her rescue. Sam now adopted Indian tactics, and began to approach the camp by stealth. He had no doubt but that a picket guard was posted near, but to slide by that he believed would be no difficult task. There was a thick growth of wild juniper near, and into this he crept. By careful and slow work he managed to creep nearer to the camp-fire. He became satisfied very quickly that it was really the main camp of the guerrillas. He finally managed to gain a little eminence from which he could easily look down upon the camp itself.

"No doubt May Severance is in one of those tents," he muttered. "But how am I to devise a plan to rescue her?"

This was a conundrum of no mean proportion. But Sam was not to be easily defeated. An idea came to him. The disguise which he had adopted before leaving the Union camp was that of a guerrilla. He had taken this precaution in view of just such an exigency as this. To be a successful spy demands far-sightedness. He determined to boldly walk into the foe's camp and trust to good luck in escaping recognition. He had already passed the guerrilla picket. It looked quite easy for him to keep in the shadows of the tents and thus escape detection. It occurred to

him that he might in this manner succeed in releasing May Severance from the tent in which he believed she was imprisoned. With his mind made up to this daring move, he walked boldly down through the undergrowth. In another moment he was in the shadows which surrounded the guerrilla camp.

He avoided stepping into the light, and leisurely sauntered among the tents. It was a daring and successful ruse. He passed once very near a circle of the guerrillas who were engaged in telling stories and cracking jokes. There was no doubt but that they saw him, yet they did not manifest alarm. He was no doubt regarded as one of their comrades. Sam's whole being was thrilled with a wild hope. If he could only hold off discovery long enough to effect May Severance's rescue. His first move was to, if possible, locate the tent in which he believed she was confined. This was not an easy feat. Several times he narrowly escaped detection.

Once he met one of the guerrillas face to face. For an instant Sam felt that all was up, as the fellow seemed disposed to scrutinize his face. The young sharpshooter escaped detection by a clever ruse. He affected to trip over an object and lowered his face with a smothered exclamation as he hurried past the other. He was soon elated to realize that the dodge had worked well. But he escaped this dilemma only to fall into another. No sooner had he turned a corner out of this foe's sight when he came fair upon a sentry who was pacing up and down with a musket on his shoulder. Never in his life had Sam felt the need of greater self-command than at that moment.

The guard halted, with a gruff exclamation, and for a moment the young spy felt that the game was up. The sentry regarded Sam keenly and said:

"Hello, comrade! Where's the kernal? Have you seen 'im?"

A false step, the slightest trip at that moment would have meant death to Sam Benton. He was face to face with an awful peril.

CHAPTER XVIII.—A Daring Rescue.

But the young spy was equal to the emergency.

"I reckon he's asleep in his tent," he replied, affecting the Southern accent. "He mought be awake, but I don't think it."

The sentry dropped the butt of his musket to the ground, and, affecting a mysterious air, said:

"Look here, comrade, I'm as dry as a fish. Now, I've got a bottle of liquid down in my knapsack. I want to ax a favor of ye."

"Well?"

"D'ye have any obiection to holding my gun a minnit till I lope down thar an' git it?"

Sam was electrified.

"N-no," he replied. "Of course not. I'm allus willin' to do a pard a favor."

"I reckoned ye was that sort. But ye know what it means to me if that gal escapes from that tent."

"Gal?" exclaimed Sam, with a start. "What gal do ye mean?"

"Jupiter!" exclaimed the sentry impatiently. "Ye know as well as I do that De Lisle has got

his claws onto old Severance's darter. She's pooty as a picter, too."

"Oh, I understand," agreed Sam. "So she is in this tent, eh?"

"That's jest whar she is, an' don't ye take enny chances. Will ye do this favor for me?"

Sam was so excited with this turn in affairs that he could hardly make reply.

"Yes," he finally managed to stammer. "But it will go as hard with me as with you if you are caught off your post."

The sentry turned and vanished in the gloom. Sam Benton could hardly believe his senses. Such a streak of luck as this was wholly beyond his comprehension. He drew a deep breath and took a sharp look about him. His position was all in gloom. The tent flap was tightly drawn. Making sure that he was not seen, he pulled out the pin and raised it. All was dark within.

"May!" he said, in a thrilling whisper. "Are you there?"

"Sam Benton!" exclaimed the planter's daughter, with wildest joy. "You have come to rescue me?"

"I have," replied Sam ardently.

"I knew that you would come," she said confidently, "but oh! is not the danger very great?"

"It is," replied Sam. "We must work with the utmost care and dispatch. Are you ready to go with me?"

"Yes."

"Come!" he said hurriedly. "Cling to my arm. We must chance it."

May Severance was a fearless girl and she did not hesitate to follow Sam's directions. Together they glided like shadows toward the horses in the corral. Sam reached the barrier and whispered to May:

"Crouch down in these shadows. When I release one of the horses, leap upon its back and dash away. I will be close behind you."

The young girl murmured assent. Sam crept among the horses. It was but a moment's work to release one of the best ones and slip a bridle upon him from a heap which lay near. By great good fortune there was a side-saddle among the lot. Sam hastily slipped this onto the horse. Then he led the animal from the corral. Just as he gained the outside, a gruff voice shouted:

"Hey, there! What are ye foolin with them horses for?"

Sam knew that this meant discovery. There was not a moment to lose.

"For your life, May!" he whispered hoarsely. "Put your foot in my hand!"

The young girl obeyed. The next moment she was on the animal's back. She hesitated an instant.

"Go!" cried Sam. "Don't stop for anything! You know the country well!"

She gave her horse free rein. The next moment she was thundering away at full speed, and a few seconds later broke through the picket line and was beyond pursuit. Sam was close behind her, as he said. But the startled guerrilla pickets, who had been unable to draw a bead on May's horse, had got a good aim at Sam's. There was a series of sharp reports. The bullets whistled by the young spy, but not so the horse. The animal stumbled, plunged, and fell dead. Sam

was thrown violently over his head. He was for a moment stunned with the force of the fall. When he came to he was surrounded by his foes. Like a swarm of maddened bees the guerrillas surrounded the young spy. He was picked up and marched into the camp with the greatest of excitement. Like an infuriated maniac, August De Lisle was storming about the camp. Men were dispatched in hot pursuit of May. The baffled De Lisle came up to Sam and, thrusting his fist in his face, hissed:

"You infamous thief, you! I will kill you for this! You shall be tortured to death. There is no fate too harsh for you to suffer. Curse ye! I'll learn ye better than to dare me!"

Then he sprang into the saddle and dashed away with the others in pursuit of May Severance. After leaving the guerrilla camp, May had partly lost control of her horse. He was a powerful and speedy animal and made tremendous strides through the brush, which was knee deep. The shots of the pickets were heard by May and she thought of Sam with a chill of dread. She would have reined in her horse to learn his fate had she been able to do so. But the animal was too powerful for her and went on with thundering strides, until suddenly a road was struck. Here the animal redoubled his speed and quickly distanced his pursuers. It was a black night and May could not at once get her bearings. She clung to the saddle and wondered what was to be her fate if the horse was not soon gotten under control. But suddenly there was a loud clatter of hoofs just ahead. In the gloom the young girl was just able to distinguish mounted men.

Then a voice shouted:

"Hello! Who goes there?"

"A friend!" cried May, remembering the usual reply to the picket's hail. "I am May Severance. Who are you?"

May was a plucky girl, and she was resolved to face the foe bravely. To her surprise the answer came back in a dear and familiar voice:

"May, my darling child! Heaven be praised, it is you!"

The next moment May Severance had slipped from her horse's back and was in her father's arms. That reunion was a joyful one. The story was quickly told. Jules Severance and the Union troopers who were with him listened with the deepest interest to the story of May's daring rescue by Sam Benton.

"Let us go to his rescue!" cried Jules Severance, springing into his saddle.

But at that moment a thundering of hoofs was heard, and down the road came the entire guerrilla force, headed by De Lisle himself. Day was fast breaking now and objects were becoming plainer. A battle seemed imminent.

CHAPTER XIX.—The End.

The appearance of De Lisle and his men certainly seemed a sign of strife. They urged their horses forward with mad yells.

Down upon the guerrilla force descended the Union cavalymen. It was a sweeping and decisive victory. The guerrillas were driven back into their camp in the wildest confusion. Tents

were overturned, prisoners made of those in camp, and Sam Benton found himself safe once more among his friends. August De Lisle's dire threats against him were destined never to be fulfilled. Just as the morning sun was rising upon the scene of the victory, he was found by some of the troopers in a ditch by the roadside lying beneath his dead horse. There were two bullet holes in his body. Thus his career was expiated in a miserable manner.

The planter, Jules Severance, viewed the body of his rascally nephew with little sign of compunction. May's lips moved in a prayer for the salvation of the erring soul. Later in the day the party returned to camp. Then the troops went back to Fort Donelson, as it was considered that the danger from the guerrillas was over.

The day after the episode in which August De Lisle was killed, Sam Benton received orders to report at Grant's headquarters. He took leave of the Severances with much emotion. He even dared to ask May a very important question when he was for a few moments alone with her.

"May," he said ardently, "may I hope to win your heart's love if I succeed before the war is over in winning my shoulder straps? I love you, May, with all my soul."

She turned and placed one little hand upon his shoulder, and with unwonted earnestness replied:

"Sam, I could not love you better than now. Whether you win promotion or not, my love is yours and I am yours when you come to claim me."

A more deliriously happy man than Sam Benton at that moment the world has seldom seen. Archie Severance pressed his hand in parting, and with tears in his eyes, said:

"Sam, I pray that fortune may be with you. You have my love and my prayers."

The Severances went to Memphis. There were yet many weary and uncertain months to elapse before any decisive battle was fought. Then the newspapers contained glowing accounts of Vicksburg and the glorious charge of a regiment commanded by Col. Sam Benton. May Severance's pretty cheeks burned as she read her lover's name. Then came letters from Sam and from Archie. Later came the news that Sam Benton had been accorded the rank of brigadier-general. Then followed in swift succession the fall of Richmond, the surrender of Lee, and the end of the war. Back to the plantation went Jules Severance. The homestead was rebuilt and, with the assistance of Col. Archie Severance, his son, matters once more became prosperous with the planter. One day a tall, handsome young man, in civilian's dress, rode up to the door of the mansion. He dismounted and met the planter at the door.

"Mr. Severance," he said boldly, "I have come to claim May."

It was brave Sam Benton, no longer Sharpshooter Sam, but a retired general of the army. Of course, the two young people were happily married, and this, dear reader, brings my story to an end.

Next week's issue will contain "TOM TRAIN, THE BOY ENGINEER OF THE FAST EXPRESS; or, ALWAYS AT HIS POST."

CURRENT NEWS

MILKMAN CAPTURES COON.

A full-grown coon was captured on one of the main streets of Ottawa, Ont., recently by a milkman going his rounds early in the morning. He was offered \$40 for the pelt by a local furrier, but decided to keep it and have it stuffed and mounted.

CONSCIENCE HURT HIM

A man, who refused to give his name, called at the office of Willis Copeland, Auditor of Vanderburg County, Ind., and left \$15, saying the money was to be turned into the "Conscience Fund." The stranger said he represented a man who had received this sum for work on a gravel road in Center Township and says that no work was ever performed by the man.

FIND HIDDEN SUGAR.

R. M. Montgomery, who recently bought the Borden candy store in Rochester, Indiana, is congratulating himself on his good fortune. While telephone men were running some new wires through the basement one day they stumbled on three large sacks of sugar, each weighing 100 pounds. Neither Montgomery nor Mrs. Borden, the former owner of the store, had any knowledge of the existence of the sugar.

MADE FIREPROOF MATCHES

Matches are a Government monopoly in France and cost about a cent for twenty, without any guarantee as to quality. Parisians have recently been complaining bitterly that a certain brand would strike, but that the flame would not fire the wood more than about once in ten times. The Scientific American says the Government instituted an investigation and "discovered that some one infatuated with the craze for utilizing every form of waste had supplied the matchmakers with loose ends from a shop where military huts were constructed. It was commendable enough thus to work up the stumps but no one had remembered that the timber had been impregnated to render it fireproof."

ANCIENT ORIGIN OF MODERN TOOLS

The story of the mechanical aids of human history has been much neglected. Thousands have described the sculptures of the Parthenon, yet no one has mentioned the tools that carved those fluted columns. We naturally suppose that our present day tools have far better forms than those of past ages. That is true in many cases, but not always.

It appears that the forms of the chisel were perfected 2,000 years ago, and that the beauty of workmanship in Bronze Age chisels has never been exceeded.

The use of saws and crown drills with fixed teeth of corundum or gem stones for cutting quartz rocks was the regular practice in Egypt 6,000 years ago. The cores produced were so perfect and clean cut that any modern engineer would be proud to turn out such good work with

the best diamond drills. The saws were over eight feet long, and cut blocks of granite seven and a half feet long. That splendid work was forgotten; the Romans did not use such tools, and some thousands of years passed before the same tools were reinvented fifty years ago.

The carpenter's saw was at first merely a blade roughly hacked on the edge; by 4500 B. C. it had regular teeth, sloping equally both ways; by 900 B. C. the Italians gave a rake to the teeth to make them cut in one direction, instead of merely scraping as before. No ancient saw, however, made a kerf wider than the thickness of the blade; we do not know when the saw that makes a wider kerf was invented, but it was some time in the Middle Ages.

The Egyptians used a push saw as the earliest form; the pull saw was the only one in the west and the Roman world. The push saw came back into use a few centuries ago, although the pull saws in a frame is still universal in the East.

YOUR LIBERTY BOND

The United States Government borrowed money from you to finance the War. You hold the Government's promise to pay you back. This promise is called a Liberty Bond or Victory Note. On this Bond is stated the conditions under which the Government borrowed the money from you.

For instance: If you hold a Bond of the Third Liberty Loan, it states that on April 15th and October 15th of each year until maturity, you will receive interest on the amount you paid for the Bond. Other issues bear other rates of interest and other maturity dates, all of which are clearly stated on the Bond.

Now, if you keep your Bond until the date when the Government pays you in full for it, you do not need to worry if, in the meantime, the price is low one day or high the next. You and Uncle Sam are living up to your agreement with each other, and neither will lose by it.

On the other hand, if you sell your Liberty Bond now, you will find that the man you sell it to will not give you a dollar for every dollar you paid for it. The price has been brought down because so many people are offering to sell their Bonds. If the market is flooded with tomatoes, you can buy them cheap, but if everyone is clamoring for tomatoes and there are few to be had, the price goes up. The same is true of Liberty Bonds. Short-sighted people are dumping them on the market, and wise ones are buying them.

The best advice that can be given to the owner of a Liberty Bond is this: Hold the bond you bought during the war; it is as safe and sound as the United States Government itself.

Buy as many more at the present low rate as you can afford. If you hold them to maturity, you are bound to make the difference between what they sell at now and their face value. You will also receive good interest on your investment.

Hold on to your Liberty Bonds and buy more.

The Midnight Shadow

— OR —

THE MYSTERY OF THE SEVEN STEPS

By WILLIAM WADE

(A SERIAL STORY)

CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued)

But the light continued to burn steadily behind it.

"We must locate that room," the detective said. "The singular part of it is, Oliver, that as I recollect it, there is no room on that side of the garret. The roof slopes directly to the floor. I took those windows to be merely dummies, put there for ornament. Come on."

They re-entered the house and ascended to the garret.

It was just as Dick Ketchum had said.

There were three rooms fitted up under the sloping roof on the opposite side, but none on the side towards the garden.

Nor was there any light.

The rafters on the slope were ceiled with boards, and papered, however; something unusual for a garret.

Dick Ketchum flashed his light about and stood for some minutes, studying the situation in silence.

"This spells secret rooms, surest thing you know, Oliver," he said at last. "This garret is lopsided as it stands. There can be no doubt that the papered slope is a false one. Secret rooms. That's what it is. The question is how to get in. I don't hear a sound—do you?"

"Not a sound," replied Oliver, who had listened intently. "What are you going to do?"

"Are you afraid to stay here alone while I run outside and see if the light is still burning? I'll be back just as quick as I can. I want to size up the situation from the ground just a moment. Then I shall know just how to act."

"I'm not afraid of anything where Fanny is concerned, but why not both of us go?"

"Because I want the Shadow to think we have both gone. Then you may hear something or see something. But it is too much to ask. You would have to stay in the dark. Here, I tell you what, you go. Take the flashlight. You will need it getting downstairs. Take my glass, too. Quick, now!"

Oliver was immensely relieved, for truth told, he was horribly afraid.

He got outside as quick as possible.

The light was still burning.

Oliver got back a little and focused the glass upon the window.

As he did so a sharp cry escaped him.

Behind the little oval window, looking out, was Fanny Fillmore!

CHAPTER XXII.—"He Will Never Harm You."

Fanny had good reason for her alarm.

The old coiner had examined the grips on the

shore. He knew all about the money, but he probably had not discovered the gems at that time. He called to Pietro, who went into the front room.

Then came a great chattering in whatever language it was they spoke.

The grips were opened on the table, from which the coins had been removed.

The money was spread out, and then the box of gems came into evidence, and the talk grew louder and more excited.

Pietro got a cold chisel and hammer, and the lock of the dress suit case was forced.

It was filled with what appeared to Fanny, who stood watching all this from the doorway, like colored stones.

In reality the stones were rough gem material, which Oliver would have recognized at once as crystals of amethyst, topaz, beryl and the like.

These Henry Grady used in his business. Oliver never knew where he kept them, but whenever it was necessary to have a stone of certain size or quality cut by a lapidary, Henry Grady would promptly produce the right sort of crystal, and have the job done.

The coiners appeared to grasp the situation.

The old man held the different crystals up to the light and chattered faster than ever.

At last Pietro turned to Fanny and told her to come into the front room.

"Who owns all this money and these other things?" he demanded.

"They belonged to Mr. Grady," replied Fanny who was too badly frightened even to attempt to keep back the truth.

"Who is Mr. Grady?"

"He is a gentleman who was in the jewelry business in New York."

"You say was. Is he out of it now, then?"

"He is dead."

"Dead, eh? Tell me all about it."

Fanny just could not bring herself to holding an extended conversation with the fellow.

"Oh, I can't tell you anything," she said.

"That man was crazy. He had me locked in a house. Then he had me in the boat, and he jumped overboard and was drowned, and I drifted in here and that's all I know."

"And all this stuff was his?"

"Yes, sir; and for all I care you can keep it if you will only let me go."

More chattering followed.

Fanny edged towards the door, but the old man caught her by the arm and roughly ran her into the back room.

There was another door here, and two windows. Fanny made up her mind that she would risk anything to get away as soon as she was left alone.

But she did not get the chance.

Pietro came in, and they tied her hand and foot, and left her on the lounge, closing the door upon her.

And that day's experience was something which Fanny Fillmore is not likely to forget as long as she lives.

She never saw Pietro again, but the old man came and went as the day dragged on.

(To be continued)

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES.

MOST SENSITIVE INSTRUMENT.

The most sensitive instrument yet made is the bolometer, originally invented by Langley, which is used for measuring variations in the radiation of heat. It registers to a millionth of a degree. The heart of it is a platinum wire so thin that it cannot be seen except when a ray of bright light is reflected from it.

SWORD IN PLANK.

Embedded in the heart of a plank of wood taken from a railway station platform at Oakley, Fifeshire, England, there has been found a sword measuring over two feet long. The plank had been in use for at least fifteen years. The weapon, which was of an old-fashioned type, a short crosspiece forming the handle, was in good preservation, and it is believed had been picked up by the tree at an early period of its existence and encircled with the growth.

TREE, 800 YEARS OLD, FELLED.

A chestnut tree in Yonkers, thirty feet in circumference, said to be 800 years old, has become history. Charles F. Coy, 113 Valentine lane, in front of whose home it grew, had the decayed old giant felled.

A book was published in Yonkers several years ago describing interesting features of the suburban city. In this a naturalist who had made a careful study of the tree said that along about the time of the Crusades the chestnut was beginning to take root. All manner of old traditions clung to the tree—stories of the Indian, of the days of the Revolution, when George Washington hid in it from English troops, of battles fought near it.

Like a weary old giant it had been slowly decaying. The top of it fell away and then the inside rotted out. Its boughs, four feet in diameter crackled and fell. When the workmen pulled it down only a hollow trunk remained.

BUDDHA STATUE RIVALS SPHINX.

For many years it has been known that about fifty miles from Jah-ding, in western China, there is a very large and remarkable statue of Buddha, but it was not until a very few years ago that it was ever described by an Occidental.

Dr. Sprague, an authority on things Chinese, visited it. At the end of two days' travel he reached the image and found it to be a colossus in size, although not so large as rumor had made it out. The upper half of the hillside consists of a sandstone cliff, and in this a niche fifty feet broad has been cut leaving a central core of stone that is carved in the shape of a figure seated in European style, not cross-legged, as Buddha is so often represented. The traveler found the height of the image to be not less than one hundred feet.

A series of five tiled roofs, descending like a flight of steps, built in front of the image, protect it from the weather, so that only the face can be seen from without.

When the doctor came within sight of the great Buddha he paused and rested from his journey at a point near one of the gates to the walled city that lies in the valley below. As his eyes turned to the great face, which has been gilded until it shines like metal, as the immense size and perfect preservation of the idol made their impression, the thought came to him that "this is more marvellous than many of the world's boasted 'wonders.'"

He thought of the colossi at Thebes and the Sphinx. Scarred and ruined and defaced by the hand of man and the effects of time, they are little better than lumps of battered rock. But far in the west of China sits this old Buddha, unnoticed and almost unknown, yet greater in size than the Egyptian colossi, with his proportions preserved intact, with temples above and below him, and with the priests in attendance to keep the incense burning at his feet. There he sits, grimly gazing out over the tiled roofs of the city that lies before him.

A TOUGH BULL.

Some years ago a herd of Texas bulls were imported from their native land to Seville to give special attraction to a bullfight of more than ordinary importance. Those American bulls furnished the Spaniards with some interesting sport.

The first of the intended victims when confronted in the ring by horse and picador wholly neglected the horse but paid instant and undivided attention to the man. The bull bellowed as if from sheer delight at the anticipated encounter and attacked the picador furiously. He pressed the fighter so hard that, defense being useless, the man sought safety in inglorious flight by scaling the barrier erected between the audience and the ring as a provision of safety.

The picador was ardently and efficiently assisted over the barrier by the horns of the steer and was followed so closely that he narrowly escaped with his life by reaching a convenient gallery. The steer did his best to get at him, but, finding this impossible, looked about for other game.

The stone seats in the enclosure at Seville were ten feet above the ground, and this height has always been an insurmountable barrier for a bull, but this time things were different, for as soon as the Texan bull saw the throng above his head he stepped back, and the next instant he was among them.

Before the people could escape he had tossed half a dozen of them into the ring, but they were all rescued by the ring attendants. The stone seats cleared, the steer returned to the ring, and seeing no one else to whom he might throw the gage of battle, he took the exact centre of the ring and bellowed his defiance to the world. Meantime the management had got busy, and a soldier with a Mauser was summoned from a nearby barracks and the bull's life was ingloriously ended.

BOB, THE ICE KING

— OR —

OUT TO FIND THE POLE

By J. P. RICHARDS

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER XX.—(Continued)

"Exactly. Henry thinks that he must have found a way where the going is easier. He seems to be sure of it. He says also that he carried with him a supply of that patent fuel, and he is sure that he will light a fire on the ice when he goes into camp, for his people killed a musk-ox yesterday, and they will be for roasting a piece of meat. Let us watch for that fire, and I think our chances are quite as good as by busting blindly ahead."

"Anything," replied Bob, "so long as we get our clue."

The tent intended for the dog shelter was put up, and the animals fed, but they did not propose to put up their own tent until after they had eaten.

It was then nearly six in the evening, and all hands paced up and down, watching for that fire.

And at last, sure enough, they thought they spied it far off to the right.

Bob studied it with the glass.

"It certainly looks like it, doctor," he cried. "Here, take a look for yourself. It just can't be the northern lights, hanging so low."

Ike thought not after he had his look.

"It's a fire, all right," he said. "But look at the distance! Long before we can get anywhere near it will have vanished. I really don't know what we ought to do."

"Do you imagine they have camped for the night?"

"In all probability they have. I would suggest giving the dogs another hour's rest, and then to make a start in that direction."

"It is about all we can do," sighed Bob. "There really seems to be no other way."

But long before the hour had elapsed the light had vanished; nevertheless they started.

Again Ike's brother drove.

The silent man appeared to be almost as expert as an Esquimo with the dogs.

But now a change was beginning which boded no good for their chances of success.

It was becoming overcast, and the temperature was falling.

By nine o'clock it was fifty below, and they had got nowhere in particular, while all hands were suffering fearfully from the cold.

"Come, doctor," cried Bob at last. "It's no use. We shall just have to ring off. May Heaven keep poor Thyra, wherever she is, and this is the last time I shall mention her name until there is something doing."

They went into camp then, right there on the ice. Used as he had grown to this sort of ex-

posure, Bob suffered terribly. He and Sandy lay in the one bag for extra warmth.

Sandy slept some, but Bob never lost himself once. Morning found it just as bad.

They could see nothing of the fire now.

In spite of the cold they covered about fifteen miles that day. Towards night it moderated, and began spitting snow.

At last they found themselves brought up with a round turn by a wide stretch of open water.

"And this ends it. We are all wrong!" groaned Bob. "Another wasted day."

And he might have added:

"And I very much fear I have lost Thyra forever," for such was his thought.

CHAPTER XXI.—In Awful Peril.

There is nothing more treacherous than the ice of the great polar basin. Upon this point all explorers who have risked their lives in search of the North Pole agree.

Some who have penetrated to it and ventured out upon it have reported this remarkable sea as frozen over solid with the exceptional breaks, broad channels of open water, upon which the "pack," as the ice is here termed, is forever closing in, allowing new channels to form.

Others have found this frozen sea so badly broken and so absolutely insecure that they have been afraid to venture out upon it.

One explorer, of long ago, Dr. Isaac I. Hays, found the polar sea clear of ice, and from the top of a high promontory was able to see many miles of open water.

He so reported, and no doubt truthfully, but because those who followed him found it packed with ice Dr. Hays' statement was disbelieved.

And now in our own day we have Dr. Cook and Lieutenant Peary, both claiming to have crossed this frozen sea to the Pole.

Hence a man of sense must necessarily decide that the polar basin is water with no land, unless it may be an island as yet undiscovered.

That sometimes it is blocked with ice and sometimes it is not; that it is most perilous traveling over it at all times for the reason that great waterways are liable to open up at any moment.

That this is a fact nobody can deny.

That Lars Larsen was a bold man and a determined one has been shown.

He had ventured far out upon the ice of the polar basin several times, returning to this camp in safety.

This time, like Bob, the Ice King, he was out to find the Pole, and he intended to do it even at the risk of his life.

"And that is why I have brought you with me, Thyra," Larsen explained to his captive. "I love you, devotedly, as you know. If I die, you die. I am determined that you shall never marry any other man."

Wisely Thyra had stopped talking about Bob. She had not told Larsen that they were engaged, for she knew that this would not better the situation in any way.

(To be continued)

BRIEF BUT POINTED

CAPTURE PIG BOUND FOR EUROPE.

A small white pig was found swimming across the Atlantic the other afternoon by two Staten Island fishermen. The pig, name and address unknown, was in perfect health, thus dissipating an age-old theory that a swimming swine will cut its own throat with its feet.

Charles and Frederick Petersen, prominent citizens of Tottenville, S. I., went fishing three miles off shore from Keyport, N. J. They were drifting in their motorboat when Charles glimpsed something swimminug nearby. The brothers agreed it was a sea turtle and decided to capture it.

One of the brothers boarded the dinghy, overtook the swimmer and brought him aboard. It was a nice young shoat, weight thirty pounds. They carried him back to Tottenville and intend to make a hog of the derelict.

Frederick Peterson is chiefly interested in the blasted scientific theory.

It is thought the shoat fell from a steamer.

CABIN BURIED BY 25 FEET OF SNOW.

To have lived all through the terrible winter twenty miles from the nearest habitation, all alone, and without seeing a human being for two months at one time, was the experience of a Maine guide, trapper and woodsman the past winter.

Joe Angel built for himself a part log and part board cabin last summer. The main portion of the cabin is of logs, while the superstructure is of boards. His cabin is thirty miles from Vanceboro, which is right on the Canadian border. Deep in the heart of the wood Angel built his cabin, twenty miles from the nearest occupied house.

When the hunting season opened the cabin was completed. Angel went to Brownville Junction, Maine, where he met a wealthy patron from New York and spent the entire hunting season acting as guide and cook at the New Yorker's modernized camp in the Moosehead Lake's hunting region.

In December Angel returned to his cabin and prepared to spend the cold months by the fire and attending to his traps. The first big snowstorm in December buried his cabin, and until the first of April Angel tunnelled out of his cabin when he emerged from his rendezvous.

Snowstorm followed snowstorm. The cold froze the snow and the tunnel was consequently safe from caveins. The tunnel extended from the cabin for a distance of 100 yards. It was not necessary, as Angel used snowshoes always when out of the cabin, but was made as a pastime.

The guide's fear was that the weight of snow would cause the roof to collapse; there were ten inches of ice on top of the roof. As he was afraid he would break through the roof with his ax and pick in attempting to remove the ice, he was forced to allow the snow to fall and then after every storm to shovel most of the snow away.

In January the cabin was buried in twenty-five feet of snow. He says many trees twenty-five feet high had only the tops showing.

For the months of January and February, Angel was not farther than 200 yards from the cabin. Fortunately for himself, Angel bought supplies at Christmas time that would last him for three months.

He had brought with him after his guiding expedition a talking machine and three dozen records which his employer had loaned from the latter's Moosehead camp. Angel says he heard each record at last a hundred times during the two months.

Angel says he was cold all through the winter and in the nights the wood fire burned out. As for mornings, the water in the pail was solidly frozen. The cabin being a one-roomed affair warmed soon when the big kitchen range got going.

If he is there next winter (and Angel says he will be there if some novice hunter does not pot him for a moose next fall), he will hire a horse from his nearest neighbor and convey a ton of coal from Vanceboro to the cabin through the path he has beaten in the woods. He thinks a ton would be sufficient, as he would use it only on the cold nights in order to have the room warm for the warmings.

Angel says he never saw so many wildcats as he did the past winter. He was attacked by one early in March as he was snow-shoeing over the snow mountains to his traps. The animal leaped at him from a tree as he went by, but the beast's claws tore only his outer mackinaw. The fall on the hard icy crust from a height of about fifteen feet stunned the wildcat and a bullet from the man's rifle cut the animal's life short.

There is no animal that he fears worse than a wildcat, asserts this man of the woods. The other forest animals of the north can be fought, because the man will be notified that he is in danger, but the wildcat from its berth in a tree will leap upon its unsuspecting victim.

Angel has been attacked by wildcats, moose, and bears in the woods, but always emerged triumphant.

When asked how many moose he has seen killed in his life of forty-five years he offers the figure as about 2,000. He says the Maine moose is the most appetizing meat of all animals. In a pinch he would eat wildcat flesh, and, as a matter of fact, has done it when unable to get other meat. "Tougher'n rawhide," says he.

"Must have been some wildcat meat I ate when I was up to Boston three years ago. I went into an eating place and ordered steak. When the girl brought it in I thought it was a crack in the plate. When I got to eating it I thought it was the uppers of somebody's old shoe."

Joe Angel will be back on the drive herding logs in the rivers. He has not missed a drive in fifteen years.

PLUCK AND LUCK

NEW YORK, JUNE 23, 1920.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

PIG A CYCLONE VICTIM.

A little pig has just been found under the debris left in the track of the big wind storm that passed over the country south of Hicksville, Ohio, a month ago. While it may seem incredible, the piggy had been pinned to the earth with a heavy timber and when discovered was still alive, although lean and lank after a month's fasting.

As an escaping prisoner was squeezing through the "chuck door," through which meals are passed to prisoners in the Randolph County Jail, West Virginia, William Wilt became wedged and was held fast all night. The opening is 18 inches by 5 3-4. Wilt got along all right until his hips were caught. Workmen had to saw the bars to free him. Wilt said he was "too ashamed" to call for help.

WEDGED IN STOVE OVEN.

Leo Helvy age nine, son of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Helvy of North Manchester, Indiana, was severely burned on the back and knees when he became lodged in the oven of the kitchen stove at the Helvy home. The boy had been playing in the rain and when he entered the house he sat down on the oven door to dry his clothes. He slipped off the door into the oven. A few minutes later, when the oven began to be uncomfortably warm, he attempted to get out of the oven, but found that he could not move. The boy's screams attracted his father, who was unable to pull him out of the oven until Mrs. Helvy lent her assistance.

ART OF FELLING CHIMNEYS.

In England an interesting method of felling lofty chimneys is practised. Its originator is James Smith of Manchester and he is credited with having felled, without accident, nearly one hundred tall chimneys which for one reason or another had become useless. Some of these were from 200 to 250 feet in height.

The method consists in removing the stones or brick near the foot of the chimney and substituting an underpinning of wood, which is afterward set on fire. About two-thirds of the area

of the base is removed up to a height of five or six feet, so that most of the weight rests upon the underpinning. Experience has shown that when the work is properly done the chimney leans slightly toward the side where the underpinning is inserted, and when a slight crack appears in the masonry on the opposite side the time has come for fire to be applied. As the chimney falls it partially telescopes in consequence of the shock produced by dropping into the void left by the burnt timbers.

LAUGHS

A fool and his money are soon parted; but you never call him a fool till the money is gone.

The difference between learning golf and motoring is that in golf at first you hit nothing, but in motoring everything.

"So your son in London is a director at the stores. That's a very responsible position." "Yes-sir; 'e 'as to direct the customers what get lost."

Mistress—What are you doing with my watches, rings, chains, bracelets—all my jewels? Justice—You told me, madame, to polish every bit of brass on Saturday.

Norah—Oim sorry to say, sorr, that Miss Giddy isn't in. The Caller (facetiously)—Why are you sorry, Norah. Norah—Because, sorr, it's the biggest sthory Oi ever told.

Warden—No'm; the guy that killed his family ain't here no more. The Gov'nor pardoned him. The Visitor—What a shame. I've brought him a lot of roses! What other murderers have you?

Mr. De Seiner (on being introduced to Adored One's Mother)—"Pardon me, madam, but have we not met before? Your face seems strangely familiar." Adored One's Mother—"Yes; I am the woman who stood up before you for fourteen blocks in a street car the other day while you sat reading a paper."

Rastus had been caught red-handed. "Poaching again, Rastus?" said the colonel, gravely. "I am afraid, Rastus, that you're a bad egg." "Yussuh, dass what I is fo' sho', cunnel." said the old man. "I's jest a plain bad aig, cunnel." "So you admit it, do you?" demanded the colonel. "Yassuh—I admits it, cunnel, becuz ye know, cunnel, dem ba'l aigs nebbah poaches, suh," said the old man.

Mike, having been sent by his master to deliver a hare in a hamper, set out on a long journey. Feeling tired and inquisitive, he sat down and opened the hamper to see the hare. In an instant the hare was running down the road. Mike was very upset at this, but suddenly he shouted after it: "It's no good; you don't know where to go. I've the h'address on this 'ere 'amper."

A FEW GOOD ITEMS

DOES AIR STUNTS WITH PARENTS

Captain Ralph Johnson, a 1917 graduate of State College, in a recent air trip in Southern California, took his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Johnson of Hetland, sixty-eight and sixty-four years old, as passengers and cruised around at an altitude of about 4,000 feet. He did all sorts of stunts such as nose spins and loop the loops, and his parents seemed to enjoy it.

BOY UNHURT IN CAVE-IN.

After remaining at the bottom of a forty-foot well for fifteen hours with the walls caved in on top of him, a son of Jeff Head, living five miles south of Mead, Okla., was taken out unharmed except for fright. The boy had been let down into the well with a rope tied about his waist when the wall caved in within seven feet of the top. It was supposed that the boy had been crushed. Many men offered their services to dig out the boy. Rescuers worked in shifts.

JAIL IS HOTEL

The Jefferson County Jail over in Indiana has extended an invitation to the general public to avail itself of the jail's "reasonable hotel accommodations." J. H. Barr, jailer, announced the rate was \$1 per day. Barr said he finds it necessary to rent the jail dormitory in order to break even. With the advent of Prohibition, the prisoner population dropped off until now it is negligible. The result is that instead of a profit a large deficit faces the jailer.

U. S. S. LEXINGTON TO BE THE LARGEST WARSHIP IN THE WORLD.

The keel of the world's biggest warship will be laid down at Quincy, Mass., within six months. The battle-cruiser Lexington, combining in a degree unequaled by any ship of war now built or building, the qualities of powerful armament and high speed, has taken form in drawings and awaits the arrival of materials to be advanced from the hands of the architect to those of the builder. By fall, it is estimated, the prospective queen of the United States navy will become a ship under construction instead of an ambitious plan.

The Lexington is the name ship of a class of battle-cruisers which will give Uncle Sam within four years a fleet of six big-gun fighting ships unmatched by anything then afloat. Her sister ships, the Constellation, Saratoga, Ranger, Constitution and United States, are also under contract. They bring names out of the old navy with which to develop for the first new capital vessels of the post-war fleet a traditional background for fresh exploits.

With the others of its class the Lexington will be a whale of a ship. It will displace 43,200 tons and will have the power of 180,000 horses, as measured in mechanical terms. Its length of 874 feet in within 46 feet of the length of the Leviathan, monster passenger liner. The 101.4 feet

of width of the Lexington will make that floating gun platform broader than any passenger ship.

The Lexington, which is to be equipped with electric drive, will attain a speed of 35 knots. This cruiser speed, higher than that of many destroyers, is the object of much of the designing that entered into the creation of the Lexington class. Armor will be sacrificed to make possible the 35-knot speed—the main belt being only five inches thick at its maximum, as compared with the 12-inch steel belt on most battleships, but armament will be of tremendous power. The Lexington thus will have not only the strategic advantage of high speed but will be able to fire a heavier charge over a greater distance than any other battleship for which the plans are known.

The Lexington in action will speak with a voice of 16-inch guns, of which she will have eight. The navies of Great Britain, France and Italy contain no gun greater than fifteen inches, and that of Japan includes 16-inch guns only on battleships of 24-knot speed, which are now under construction. Unlike the dreadnought class's reliance on big guns exclusively, the Lexington will carry sixteen 6-inch guns as a secondary armament.

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ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

HOW TATTOO MARKS CAN BE REMOVED.

A physician in Syria writes to the Journal of the American Medical Association asking how tattoo marks may be obliterated, the special occasion for the query being the "thousands of Armenian girls and children who were taken by Turks and Kurds and their faces tattooed." The answer he receives is that tattoo marks can be removed by the use of chemical irritants that will destroy the superficial layers of the skin.

Variot retattoos with a strong solution of tannin and then rubs a silver nitrate pencil over the spot until it is blackened by the formation of silver tannate. Brault tattoos the surface with a solution of thirty parts zinc chloride in forty parts of water. After these operations a slight scab forms. This comes off after about two weeks, leaving a pink scar that gradually becomes of normal color.

STOLE GIRL'S CLOTHES

Four pretty University of California Coeds are minus four full sets of all the diverse and sundry pieces of apparel that girls wear, following a swim at the Piedmont Baths in Oakland, Cal., during which swim some mean burglar of one sex or another entered the girls' dressing rooms and just walked right away with the Coeds' clothing. The girls, all of them prominent in college activities, are Miss June Southwick of Los Angeles, Miss Dorothy Rossman of Portland, Miss Katherine Knecht of Los Angeles, and Miss Lois Topham of San Jose.

The girls, after discovering the disappearance of their clothing, were obliged to go back for another swim and await the arrival of apparel from their homes. After the girls were cold from swimming and as angry as they could be, detectives arrived on the scene and loaned the girls their overcoats.

No other lockers were entered by thieves, leading to the belief of the authorities that some person must have given the entering bathers the "once over" to pick out the best attired ones. The Coeds did not appreciate the compliment.

A SHARP TRICK.

August Bilka, a restaurant chef, of Chicago, had saved about \$1,000, but he was ambitious to get rich quickly. One day, while walking in South State street, he espied in front of a pool-room at No. 514 the sign of a gypsy fortune teller. Among other things which the seer advertised was her ability to increase one's bank-roll.

August looked up and down the street and then darted in. He told the fortune teller he wanted her scheme of getting rich. She led him through a course of questions that revealed he had saved \$1,000. In order to increase his wealth the fortune teller told him he must get a \$500 bill and pin it to his undershirt over his

heart. After four days he was to return to the clairvoyant's "parlors" for further instructions.

August went to the bank and withdrew \$500 in a bill of that denomination. He hastened to his room and pinned the bill according to the seer's directions. On the fourth day he again visited the gypsy queen. He partly disrobed to show that the bill was pinned over his heart. She said the charm was working "beautifully," but it would be necessary for the queen herself to wear the bill next her heart for a day and a night if August were to get his "wish." She promised him that inside of three weeks he would be worth \$10,000.

August took the bill from his undershirt and gave it to the queen. He was to call the next afternoon.

He called. There was nobody home, and August told his troubles to the police. But he is still "out" the \$500.

DO MOTHS USE WIRELESS?

Do moths use wireless telegraphy?

This query is not nearly so grotesque as it may at first appear, says Hubert Stringer in "The London Daily Mail." During the pairing season in the month of June moths of certain species are observed to communicate with each other over distances as great as one or two miles by some means unknown. A female Vaporer moth, for instance, inclosed in a wooden pill-box, will attract males of its species from all directions.

Now, it is not by scent that the position of the female moth is discovered, since the males will approach down wind; neither can it be by a sound of some frequency inaudible to human ears, for a female may be inclosed in a sound-proof box and the males will still unerringly find mystery under the head of communication by some means unknown, and there in the textbooks the matter rests.

It is now high time that experiments were made upon the supposition that wireless telegraphy may afford a solution. If it should prove to be the fact it will undoubtedly be found that electro-magnetic waves of exceedingly short wave length are employed. Now, light is an electro-magnetic wave of very short wave length; both glow worms and fireflies emit light under similar conditions, so there is nothing so very improbable in the emission of slightly longer, and hence invisible, waves by other insects.

Observed facts seem to lend color to the idea.

Moths have antennæ. These, besides acting as feelers, may serve another use—that of transmitting and receiving aërials. The antennæ of the female, who is the transmitter, differ in design from those of the male, who receives; that also agrees with wireless practice. Moreover, the male moth when approaching the female, is seen to alight often in an uncertain manner swinging his antennæ, much as an operator swings a wireless direction finding frame to discover from which direction signals emanate.

Summer Dangers of Fat People

Liability to Collapse, Heart Failure, Sunstroke, Etc.

Why continue to suffer with summer heat because you are bloated with fat? Apart from the unsightliness and discomfort, you are risking your life. You may not live through another summer if you neglect curing your over-stoutness now, relieving your internal congestion.

Determine right now that you will take off whatever you need to—and stay normal in size with the benefit of better health, cheerful disposition, attractive appearance and the joy of knowing that you have conquered a great victory over life shortening obesity in a comparatively easy manner.

Eat all you need; don't take tedious exercise or sickening medicines, but go to the drug store and get a small box of oil of

korein (in capsules); take at meal-times and follow the other simple rules that come with the box. Book "Reduce Weight Happily" mailed to you free, in plain wrapper, if you write to Korein Company, NB-103, Station F, New York City. Become slender and attractive!

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GOOD READING

RANCHMAN GETS VALUABLE STONES.

J. M. Cade of Emory was in Roundup, Mont., with several fine specimens of sapphires which he has had cut and which were found by him on his ranch, which is about thirty miles distant from the supposed lost "Shepherders' mine." The four which he has had cut are straw color, cloudy topaz, and pure white, and brilliant, beautiful stones. It is believed that a valuable deposit of more precious stones will be found which will equal in value those now found in the Yogo mines in Fergus County.

SAY WOLVES MEET TRAIN.

According to Christopher Possett, station agent at Gunton Village, a short distance from Winnipeg, Canada, the only thing wolves don't insist on doing in this town is voting. Possett was here to get provincial permission to carry a gun and says the wolves know the railroad time tables as well as the chief despatcher and come in droves to meet the incoming trains. He was given the permit, bought a gun and loaded up with enough ammunition to last him a year or two.

FINDS DIAMOND IN HER GARDEN.

Gardening may yet prove a popular sport in Bereford, S. D. Mrs. Albert Melle will be responsible for the fad if it develops. Recently

she was working in her garden and she unearthed a ring with a stone setting. Her curiosity piqued, she carried it to a jeweller, who immediately declared it to be an extra fine quality half-carat diamond. Mrs. Melle advertised her find and Mrs. F. D. Steadman was able to identify the stone. It was worth several hundred dollars.

ARTIFICIAL LEG 300 B. C.

The oldest artificial leg in existence is that in the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons of England. It was found in a tomb at Capua, and is, of course, of Roman origin.

This artificial member accurately represents the form of the human leg. It is made with pieces of thin bronze, fastened by bronzed nails to a wooden core. Two iron bars, having holes at their free ends, are attached to the upper extremity of the bronze; a quadrilateral piece of iron found near the position of the foot is thought to have given strength to it. There is no trace of the foot, and the wooden core had nearly crumbled away. The skeleton had its waist surrounded by a belt of sheet bronze edged with small rivets, probably used to fasten a leather lining. Three painted vases lay at the feet of the skeleton. The vases belonged to a rather advanced period in the decline of art, about 300 B. C.

HOW SANDWICH WAS NAMED

Many New Yorkers who during the noon hour luncheon invade the downtown automats, buffets, &c., to grab a quick lunch, which mostly consists of a few sandwiches as a starter, never stop to think of how the sandwich first became a quick lunch food.

Research discloses that the fourth Earl of Sandwich the originator of the noon hour bite, was born November 3, 1718, over 201 years ago. This Earl, like most of the English nobility of his time, was a devotee to games of chance. When the stakes ran high the Earl was unable to tear himself away, and it was his custom to order the servants to bring him slices of bread and ham. Other devotees of the goddess of chance followed his example, and soon after affixed the name "sandwich" to the combination of bread and meat which the hustle and bustle of modern times have given a wide popularity.

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